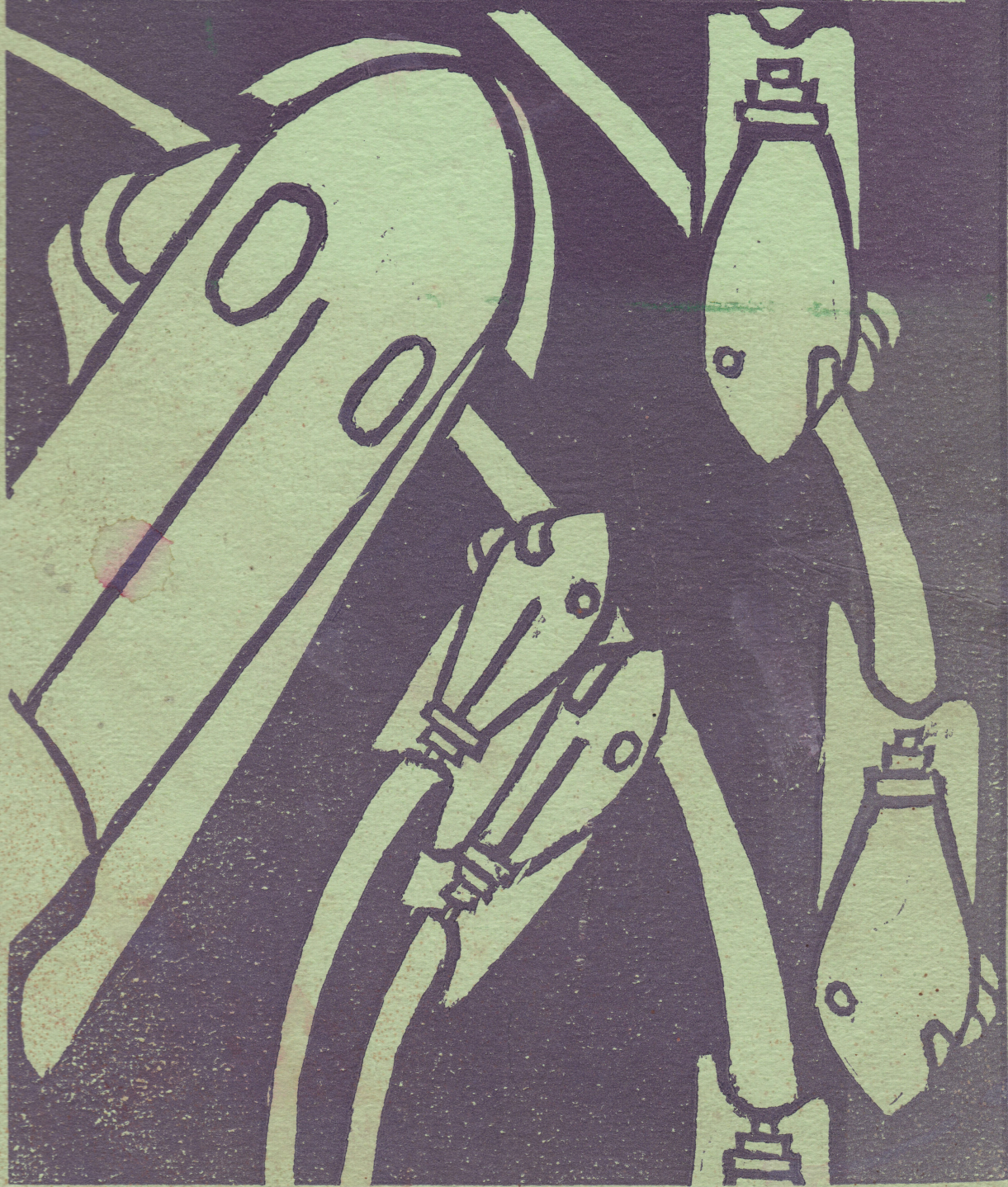
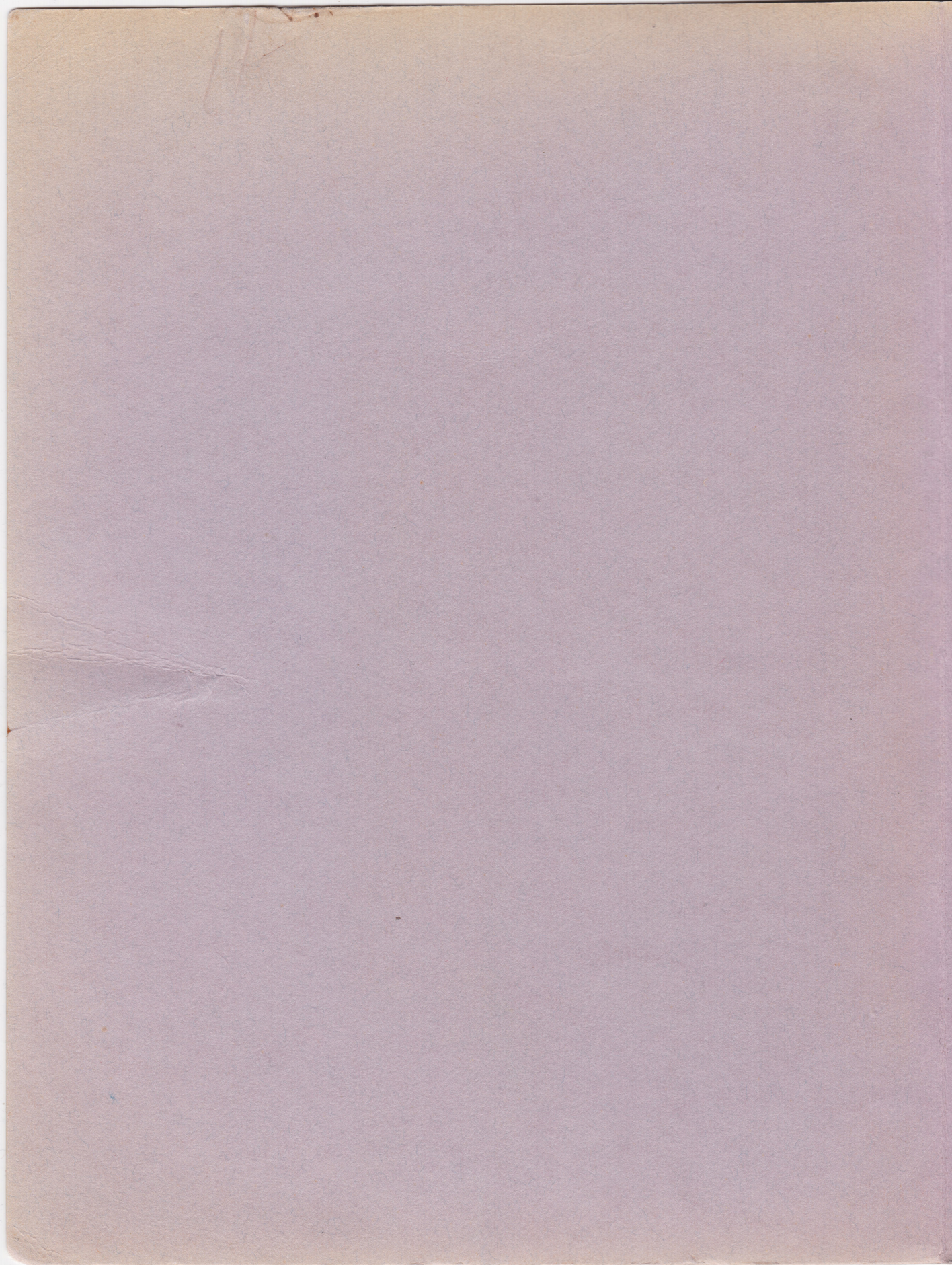


HILLCREST





SENIORS

the **HILLCREST** *for* **1933**



PHOTO BY MENZI

"NIGHT SHADES ARE FALLING" AROUND ROOSEVELT

SENIORS

T H E
H I L L C R E S T

for nineteen hundred and thirty-three

S*ponsored by the Senior Class for the*
ROOSEVELT SCHOOL in Ypsilanti, Michigan

THE HILLCREST

HILLCREST STAFF (Editorial Committee)

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Margaret Merritt	Associate Editor
Thyra Kinghorn	Literary
Madge Bird	Art
William Lyons	Athletics
Grace Moran	Humor
Neil Webb	Business Manager

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Margaret Olds '34, Betty Heise (Sixth Grade)	Dramatics
Miss Sally Ann Martindale, Miss Eleanor Meston	
David Gauntlett '34, Jerry Lamb (Sixth Grade)	Science
Miss Florence Eddy, Mr. Louis Golczynski	
Catherine Pittman '33, Marilyn Miller (Fourth Grade)	Play and Dancing
Miss Chloe Todd, Miss Adella Jackson	
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Mr. Lawrence DeBoer, Miss Gertrude Phelps	
Wesley Burrell '32, Robert Yoder (Sixth Grade)	Creative Writing
Miss Florence Regal, Miss Gertrude Phelps	
Roger Heath '34	Photography
Mr. Leonard Menzi	
Kenneth Ray '36, Dick Wortley (Sixth Grade)	Art
Mrs. Helen Finch Swete, Miss Mary Hatton	

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Mr. R. W. Binns	Business

INTRODUCTION

MAN'S remembrance of all things is exceedingly brief when he ventures a backward glance. Only a few haphazard facts will stand out through the fog of lost recollections. Thus it is that to explain how the 1933 *Hillcrest* in its 1933 dress had its inception is a task fraught with peculiar difficulty.

For long years the faculty of the Roosevelt school has recognized the importance of stimulating creative talents. Few outward evidences of this activity remain; only the satisfaction experienced by the creators themselves proved the worthwhileness of the time and effort given to creative endeavor.

One of the early evidences which we have of creative effort in our elementary department is the expression of a child voicing her deep interest in the Huron River.

Down in the Huron Valley where the waters flow
The willow trees' branches bend low;
They seem to kiss the water as they sway to and fro;
The birds build their nests in the branches high
And they sing and sigh as the waters pass by.
The river is flowing down to the sea,
The wind is blowing the willow tree,
The river winds in and out, winding, winding all about,
The trees sway to and fro while the winds softly blow.

Elieen Pray, age 8, May 1920

In 1931 the Creative Writing Club edited a booklet of prose and poetry. In 1932 the scope of this volume was broadened to include photography, music, and art. At the beginning of 1933 Principal Paul J. Misner announced a new policy to unify the publications program of the entire school. Advisers and pupil assistants were chosen to work in the fields of creative art, music, dramatics, science and invention, human relationships, play and writing.

After serious consideration of the many problems involved, the Senior Class decided to cooperate with the aforementioned organization in the publication of a combination *Hillcrest* (the former annual) and the *Creative Adventures*. In subscribing to this policy the Seniors feel that they are initiating a desirable departure in the field of high school yearbooks. With the administration they recognize that an annual should represent a unified school. The *Hillcrest* of 1933

gives evidence of that unity in that every grade and department of the Roosevelt School of the Michigan State Normal College has contributed to its pages.

One part of our book which merits earnest consideration is the photography. Mr. Leonard Menzi, photography adviser, has labored tirelessly in producing pictures which fulfill all the requirements of good pictorial art. He has been extremely careful to have all the accessories harmonize and to achieve naturalness in every particular. These characteristics can be secured only by an artist craftsman, and Mr. Menzi's work is unmistakable proof of his photographic ability.

President McKenny in discussing the 1932 *Adventures in Creative Expression* made the following statement: "What the world needs is creative thinking, and creative expression. There is genuine evidence that Roosevelt is successfully moving toward the objective of creative thinking." Clifford Woody, professor of education of the University of Michigan, said: "I can see the whole philosophy of education underlying the different aspects of creative work."

THE EDITORIAL STAFF

CREATIVE WRITING

We believe that the impulse to create is inherent in the child, even at a rather early age. It remains for educators to provide an inspiring atmosphere in which children feel free to share their experiences and to say through the realms of language, music, art, and the drama, thoughts that perhaps have never been expressed in this particular way before.

Interests in language creations may prove to be more difficult to build than some others. But once a child realizes his power over words, once he hears the genuine praise, and senses the sympathetic interest that the discerning teacher should at all times manifest, there is often no limit to the facility and effectiveness of his language expression.

It is our conviction that more than the so-called *best* work should be included in our book. Not everyone can, or will become a great writer, but everyone should have an opportunity to try his skill at word and sentence manipulation. If children are encouraged, their expressions will be spontaneous, and sincere, and often very delightful, even though not mechanically perfect. It is the spirit of the creation that counts.

While space this year does not permit us to print a selection by every child, we are recording a large number of representative pieces. S. W. S.

CREATIVE ART

In Art, to foster the child's desire to express himself through various mediums from the kindergarten to the high school, has been our goal.

Assembly programs, the sciences, literature and the every day experiences of childhood furnish much of the motivation in free experiment.

Compositions for friezes, illustrations, commercial art and design, both real and abstract, in black and white, color and clay have been developed. The love of handicraft has also been expressed through pottery, stage decoration, puppetry, bookmaking, etching, and textiles. In addition to the many mediums available in the class room, salvaged materials have been used.

Regardless of the perfection of the finished product, the subject material, the mediums of expression, the underlying ideal of all the art work of Roosevelt School is the sympathetic encouragement of creative ability H. F. S.

P R E F A C E

WHEN public schools were first established in the United States, each parent and pupil's chief concern was the mastery of the three "R's" Since people in general were unable to secure more than a very elementary education, this emphasis on fundamentals was thought necessary. It was natural, also, that the individual who had learned his "readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic" should be held in high esteem.

Slowly, however, people awakened to the truth that more than this was necessary for a clear understanding of the finer things of life.

The cultural subjects, music, literature, and the sciences, were introduced into the schools, and children were taught that appreciation was another goal to be desired in order to fulfill the demands of complete living.

All people do not possess the same type of creative ability nor the same degree. Some excel on athletic fields; some in art, literature, or music; and others like Pasteur are able to develop a scientific principle which contributes to the health and happiness of all mankind. Each one has it in him to create something and should make his best attempt to do so.

In Roosevelt one of the best examples of our emphasis upon this important phase of education is this Hillcrest, a glorified adventure in creative expression. This publication provides an excellent opportunity for every student to show his creative ability. Each one has been urged to contribute what he had to this cause and make Roosevelt outstanding in the field of progressive education.

Catherine Pittman, age 16
Rough Rider Editorial, Oct. 7, 1932

C O N T E N T S

PART ONE - - - THE SENIOR CLASS

Pictures

Biographies

PART TWO - - CREATIVE EXPRESSION

Literature

Prose - Poetry

Art

Music

PART THREE - - - FEATURES

Activities

Athletics

APPRECIATION

FOR the last three years Paul J. Misner has served as principal of Roosevelt School. Under his leadership there has been a subtle but sure growth. As in the case of natural phenomena, this growth may have been almost imperceptible to some; it may have seemed only the first slight twinges of necessary growing pains to others. There has, however, been definite evidences of progress, and it has been that type of progress which fails to recognize any stopping point.

Behind all this is Mr. Misner whom we know as our personal friend. He is



recognized as a leader in the field of progressive education. He holds out high ideals, puts into effect challenging projects, stimulates creative activity on the part of pupils and faculty, and throws himself into every worthwhile enterprise with the enthusiasm of youth and the mature judgment of age. His ability to understand the problems of his students and his school have made his labor fruitful. His willingness to listen to both sides of a question and to dispense impartial opinions and decisions have won for him the respect and admiration of all.

This book stands as a record of his achievement. It has been his aim to provide a medium for the creative activities of the students and at the same time present a vivid picture of school life. It is only through his contagious enthusiasm for a publication of this type and his ability to inspire his co-workers that this Hillcrest has been evolved.

William Colburn

(Adapted from *Rough Rider Editorial*, Nov. 29, 1932)



PHOTO BY MENZI

"A TREE THAT LOOKS AT GOD ALL DAY,
AND LIFTS ITS LEAFY ARMS TO PRAY"

SENIORS

PART ONE

THE HILLCREST

THE CLASS OF 1933

Roosevelt School
of
Michigan State Normal College

CLASS OFFICERS

Senior Year

William Bazley	President
Neil Webb	Vice-President
Helen Greenstreet	Secretary
William Lyons	Treasurer

Junior Year

Robert Mellencamp	President
William Colburn	Vice-President
Charles Neir	Secretary
William Lyons	Treasurer

Sophomore Year

Margaret Merritt	President
William Lyons	Vice-President
Thyra Kinghorn	Secretary
Helen Greenstreet	Treasurer

SPONSORS

Seventh Grade	Miss Mildred Crawford
	Miss Anna Field
Eighth and Ninth Grades	Miss Mildred Crawford
	Mr. Leonard Menzi
Tenth Grade	Mr. R. W. Binns
	Miss Sally Ann Martindale
Eleventh Grade	Miss Florence Regal
Twelfth Grade	Miss Florence Regal
	Miss Susan Stinson

CLASS MOTTO

B²

CLASS COLORS

Black and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

Yellow tea rose

VIRTUTES CIVIUM

Virtutes optabiles civium nunc sunt eadem quam erant Romanis temporibus. Civis bonus aut nunc aut quondam temperantiam et auctoritatem et fidelitatem et fortitudinem possideat. Vir qui possidet eas virtutes erit auxilio patriae suae potius quam impedimento. Quoque valetudo et constantia et felicitas sunt gravissimae virtutes.

Thyra Kinghorn, age 17

SENIORS

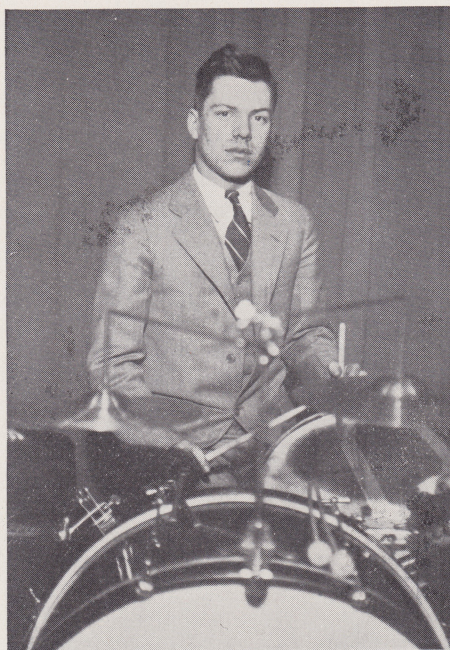
DONALD ALWAY

"When I organize my sixteen-piece dance-band, I'll let you—" These are the exclamations of Don, who left Ann Arbor High to spend his senior year at Roosevelt. He plays the drums, and all the contraptions that go with them, in Charles Nordman's eleven-piece dance-band. Some day he hopes to organize and direct his own band. Next year he plans to study music at the Normal College.

Don is a very good-natured fellow, and one can easily become acquainted with him by just starting to talk about dance-bands. But here's a warning, don't shake hands with him. He has a habit of grabbing and nearly pulling your fingers off. That seems to be his outstanding fault.

Charles Neir

Activities: Ann Arbor High 1, 2, 3.



WILLIAM BAZLEY

A jovial lad. His manner instantly reveals a magnetic personality and arouses a friendly sort of feeling. Despite his leisurely approach and his magnificent bulk, he sidesteps impending work with an unexcelled agility.

Bill is a great actor, and not alone in plays. His love of argument sometimes leads him into difficulties but gives him great enjoyment. He can make his talk more than just talk. He has ideas, and his premises are usually based on facts. As he himself says: "It's the kickers who get results." Bill is the kind of person who is going to make political and economic progress in this country.

Neil Webb

Bill Colburn

Activities: Boy Scouts 1-2-3, "Adam and Eva" 3, French Club 3, Student Council 3, "The Perfect Alibi" 4, Scisne-rof 4, Class President 4.





MADGE BIRD

Madge Bird, a tall slim girl with brown hair and dark brown eyes, is not exceedingly interested in the three "R's" but does play an active part in all other school enterprises. She was cast in the Junior Play, sang in the mixed chorus, and boosted Masque Club activities. Her hobby is collecting china dogs, as one might easily discern upon entering her room. She enjoys art work and likes to cut linoleum blocks.

Madge is most characteristically described as a happy-go-lucky girl who expends much surplus energy by enthusiastically rooting at all Roosevelt athletic contests.

Lois Smith

Edna Mary Poe

Activities: Girls' Athletics 1-2-3-4, Masque Club 3-4, "Adam and Eva" 3, Mixed Chorus 3, Hillcrest 4, Rough Rider 4.



ROBERT BUSH

As one of the more quiet unassuming members of the Senior Class, Robert Bush has held his own for the past year. He is very modest but decidedly attractive. Of him Webb might say "Beautiful Eyes." In addition to charm, he possesses a supply of dependability for the like of which one may seek far. He served efficiently on the stage committees for the Junior and Senior Plays. He enjoys athletics and found track, basketball, baseball, and football much to his liking.

Robert Mellencamp

Activities: Cross Country 3, Basketball 4, Baseball 4.

SENIORS

NORMA JANE CAMPBELL

From kindergarten through senior high school Norma Jane Campbell has been an essential part of her class. Her argumentative ability is unlimited and perhaps in the future she will become one of the state's well-known women lawyers.

Her fine soprano voice lends itself to solo work, and she has been a great aid to the Roosevelt chorus throughout her school career. She is also interested in dramatics, participating in both Junior and Senior Plays in the respective roles of Eva, leading lady, and Adams, the servant in the house. Certainly the Class of 1933 would have lacked a certain flavor if it had not been for the contributions of this interesting individual.

Thyra Kinghorn

Activities: Girl Scouts 1-2-3-4, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Girls' Chorus 1-2-4, Declamations 2, French Club 3, "Adam and Eva" 3, Masque Club 3-4, A Capella Choir 4, Rough Rider 4, "Perfect Alibi" 4



WILLIAM COLBURN

For twelve long years, Roosevelt School has had as a student a very versatile young man. From the beginning of his school career, William Colburn has been a conscientious worker for the good of the class.

His Freshman and Sophomore years he spent in purposeful study. During the last two years his academic ambition has lagged, because of the many activities in which he has participated. He was a member of the Junior and Senior Play casts and has held membership in many clubs and societies of the school.

Robert Mellencamp

Activities: Boy Scouts 1-2, Latin Club 2, Mixed Chorus 2, Student Council 3, Debating 3, National Honor Society 3-4, Class Vice-President 3, "Adam and Eva" 3, Scisnerof 3-4, Math Club 3-4, French Club 3, Boys' Chorus 4, "Perfect Alibi" 4, Rough Rider 4, Hillcrest 4.





VIOLA CORWIN

To make artistic and attractive posters for each and every activity of her own class as well as of other classes has been Viola's regular assignment. Thus it may well be said that she has contributed generously to the "boosting" of her school.

Viola has within herself a fountain of enthusiasm. She attacks her work as if it were play and carries it through joyously. Dark days, if she ever experiences such, are few and far between. She is an excellent example of an individual who does the thing she is asked to do without any hesitation. This trait should contribute to her own happiness and should prove a source of happiness to those with whom she works.

Thyra Kinghorn

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1-2-3, Girls' Chorus 2-3, Art Club 3, Masque Club 4.



MARY DARLING

The girl who possesses the attractive eyes is surely an asset to this year's Senior Class. She sets a fine example of cooperation mixed with cheerfulness for the other members. Perhaps she is playing that old "Glad Game," but what matter? We all know the proverb, "Smile, and soon there will be miles and miles of smiles."

Mary has a certain knack for tackling big jobs. During her high school career, she has been chairman of many school parties and has put them through in a very effective manner.

Joyce Seamans

Activities: Girl Scouts 1-2-3, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3, Girls' Athletics 1-2-3, Math Club 1-2-3, Kodak Klub 3, Masque Club 3, French Club 4, Rough Rider 4, Hilcrest 4, Social Director 4.

SENIORS

MARIE DUSBIBER

"A girl with a winning personality" describes Marie Dusbiber rather well, and it is a personality backed by government securities. She is a person who looks efficient and vigorous and she is. She is always willing to do her share toward any class activity. The vim and enthusiasm with which she undertakes the tasks seems to be contagious. She finds it easy to lead and easy to follow, a rare combination.

She is a star reporter on the publications staff. She knows where to find the news and how to write it up. "Get the news and get it now" are precepts which she can follow unerringly.

Ethel Swihart

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Girls' Chorus 1-2, French Club 3, Masque Club 3-4, Creative Writing 3-4, Student Council 3, Office 3-4, Rough Rider 4, "The Perfect Alibi" 4, Spur Staff 4, A Capella Choir 4.



MARLENE EALY

Do you want to meet an interesting girl? Since elementary school days Marlene has attended Roosevelt. She was a Masque booster as a Junior. She sang two years in girls' and mixed choruses. She found her own particular sphere as Mrs. Fulverton Fane in the Senior Play. There she was par-excellence, for Marlene gets great joy out of just doing things, and here was a matchless opportunity. Marlene's interests are many, but we have space for stressing only a few: playing the piano, singing, dancing, typing, and swimming.

Do you need a friend? Go to Marlene. In her you will find someone who can comfort, sympathize, and help you over the rough places.

Sue Wilkins

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1-2-3, Girls' Chorus 1-2-3, "Perfect Alibi" 4.





LORETTA GALE

Loretta Gale has been one of the more quiet and conservative members of this year's Senior Class. Due to her rural environment she has taken unlimited interest in 4-H Club work. She has represented the Superior 4-H Home Makers at Lansing five different times. She was sent for canning twice, sewing once, and food study once. In 1932 she was selected as one of the best judges of canned goods. She was awarded first prize for her Better Homes Week poster in 1932.

Loretta has been a member of French and Math Clubs and has been in chorus for three years. She intends to pursue an art course in the future.

Margaret Merritt

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1-2-3, Inter-class Spelling Champion 1, Girls' Chorus 2-3, Better Homes Week Poster (first prize) 3, French Club 3, Math Club 4.



HELEN GREENSTREET

"Who is Helen, what is she that all the folks adore her?" She is so sweet, gracious, and with it all so exceptionally efficient, that she makes friends wherever she goes. Her dependability is of the 1847 sterling silver variety. Her willingness to work with the class and for the class is worthy of 'cum laude' mention. Kind to everyone and always willing to do her share in either work or play, she has set a fine example for those who would achieve much.

She has attained an enviable record socially and academically. During her sophomore year she made an all-A record, and so her name was engraved on the scholarship cup.

Ethel Swihart

Activities: Girl Scouts 1-2-3-4, Treasurer 2, G. A. A. Council Member 2-4, "Adam and Eva" 3, Scisnerof 3-4, Secretary 4, Spur Editor 4, Rough Rider 4, Math Club 4, Masque Club 4.

SENIORS

WENDELL HARWOOD

Paderewski—Wendell Harwood is to Roosevelt School as the immortal master. When this quiet, unassuming individual is seated at the keyboard, he assumes an entirely different personality. He becomes as one apart from him whom we have known. He calls from his instrument magnificent harmonies. He touches it softly, and it responds with minor strains of unspeakable sweetness. Our thoughts of Wendell as quiet and conservative vanish. While he plays, we discover that we do not know him at all.

Wendell has been the classical link in the class. He may be quiet and reserved but he is always sure of a thing before he speaks. We all hope Wendell continues his study of the piano. It will make us proud to have known one who can assume the rank of a recognized artist.

Dorothy Jenks

HELEN HEIMERDINGER

Here's a girl whom one would quickly notice in a group of students. She has flaming red hair. Her pleasing personality adds to her abundance of attractiveness. Crazy over dancing and popular music, she knows all about the prominent jazz bands and is constantly humming snatches of the newest jazz melodies.

Hailing from a small country school, little Helen was at sea during her first day in the ninth grade. With the passing of time, however, she overcame her qualms. Her school record shows that she has participated in the school choruses and in French Club and Scisnerof. Her co-operative spirit was clearly brought out by her work in the production of "The Perfect Alibi."

Charles Neir

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Girl's' Chorus 1-2, Masque Club 4, French Club 3, Scisnerof 4, "Perfect Alibi" 4.





DOROTHY JENKS

When Dorothy Jenks, the girl with the raven bangs, entered our great institution in the fifth grade, she brought volumes of friendliness with her. She is a Roosevelt pupil who can be depended upon to start things and to see them through. If a person asks her a question, he may be quite confident that he is going to be answered frankly. There certainly is little suggestion of evasion in her methods of doing or saying things.

Her dramatic plunges as the married sister in the Junior Play and as the sophisticated Jane in the Senior Play did not squelch her enthusiasm, for she is still going out for hilarious good times.

Maxine Saffell

Activities: Girl Scouts 1, Girls' Chorus 1, Mixed Chorus 1-3-4, Girls' Athletics 1-2-3-4, Debating 3, Masque Club 3, G. A. A. Council 3, "Adam and Eva" 3, Creative Writing 4, A Capella Choir 4, Photography 4, Rough Rider 4.



THYRA KINGHORN

A sudden burst of enthusiasm and a very composed young lady is transformed into a bubbling school-girl. The change comes so unexpectedly that it seems like the metamorphosis of the quiet moth into the flashing glow-worm. Thus her friends are prompted to quote the famous Mr. Huber's views, "It wouldn't seem that Thyra Kinghorn could ever act so silly."

Her interests are endless. She is musical; she loves to dramatize every conceivable situation; she's a shark at Latin, and she likes to study. As a Junior she was elected to the National Honor Society.

Helen Greenstreet

Activities: Student Council 1, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Scisnerof 2-2-4, Girl Scouts 2-3, Latin Club 2-3, Class Secretary 2, "Adam and Eva" 3, National Honor Society 3-4, Masque Club 3-4, Math Club 3-4, "Perfect Alibi" 4, Rough Rider 4, Hillcrest 4, Sodalitas Latina (M. S. N. C.) 4.

BEATRICE LACHANCE

Can you imagine the Roosevelt Seniors without Beatrice or "Bea" as we call her? Her years here have been filled with successful activities. Did you see the Senior Play, the night she played the part of Jane so victoriously? And isn't it natural that a person with such a sweet disposition should also have a good voice with which to express some of her happiness? Therefore she's been in both girls' and mixed chorus. Her hobbies are dancing and singing, and she particularly loves to roller skate. Her personality and sense of humor have brought her many friends.

Sue Wilkins

Activities: Dramatics Club 1-3-4, Ypsilanti High School 2, Girls' Chorus 3, Mixed Chorus 3-4, "Perfect Alibi" 4.



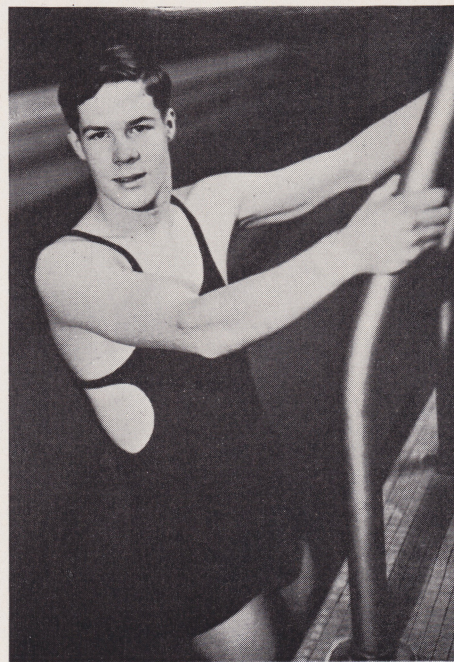
LYMAN LACHANCE

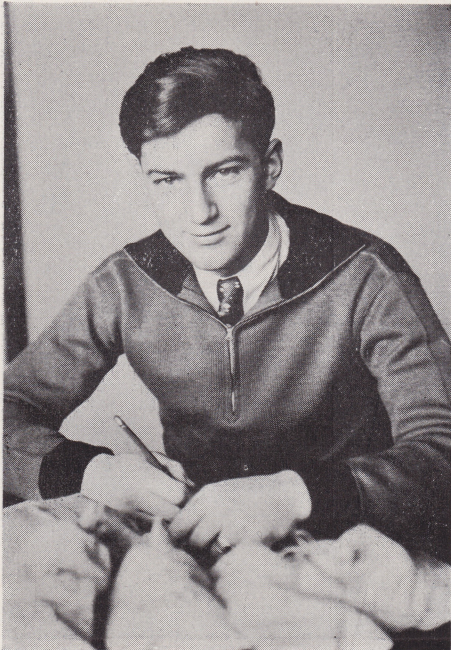
A boy of many thoughts but few words may well characterize Lyman LaChance. To those who do not know him he might seem very hard to get acquainted with, but once that goal is won you are assured of a worthwhile and lasting friend.

In both the Junior and Senior Plays Lyman was intrusted with heavy roles which he portrayed with the ease of a professional. He has also been outstanding in the field of athletics, having been on the swimming and football teams and holding the position of boys' class athletic manager for two years. He has been a member of both boys' and mixed chorus and is fond of music and dancing.

Margaret Merritt

Activities: Boy Scouts 1, Ypsilanti High School 2, "Adam and Eva" 3, Swimming Team 3-4, Boys' Chorus 3-4, Mixed Chorus 3-4, Football 4, "Perfect Alibi" 4, Boys' Class Athletic Manager 3-4, Boys' Quartet 4, Scisnerof 4.





WILLIAM LYONS

Bill Lyons, possessing all the qualities of a handsome football quarterback, is the idol of many. Football fans marvel at his ability to find those tiny breaks in his opponent's steadfast line. Their wild cries of encouragement spur him on to a touchdown. They see his fighting spirits aroused as he dashes about on the basketball floor, and they gasp as he arches the ball into the basket. They exclaim as he displays his agility in the high jump, and it makes them fairly dizzy to watch him tear around the track. Further evidence of his leadership is the fact that he was elected president of the Student Council in his senior year.

William Colburn

Helen Greenstreet

Activities: Track 1-2-3-4, Football 2-3-4, Basketball 2-3, Chorus 2-3-4, Class Treasurer 3-4, Class Vice-President 2, Student Council 2, Student Council President 4, Hillcrest Staff 4, Boys' Disciplinary Council 3-4.



DOROTHY MAY

Dorothy entered our happy family in her freshman year. She immediately identified herself as one who will get along with people. She did not attach herself to one person but interested herself in many.

Much of her time she spent in our attractive library. As a result of the training she acquired while there, she will probably develop into a very capable and efficient librarian.

Besides her cultural interests she likes sports and has participated in girls' athletics. She has found a peculiar joy in roller skating.

Norma Jane Campbell

Activities: Girls' Athletics 1-2-3-4, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Girls' Chorus 1-2-3-4, Library Assistant 3-4, Masque Club 4.

SENIORS

ROBERT MELLENCAMP

When Robert Mellescamp departs from Roosevelt, he will leave behind the memory of a forceful, capable Rough Rider editor—not of one who bore the name only, but one who wielded well the authority that went with his office.

While Bob did not shine with those of the seriously studious type, he excelled in all activities which demanded an efficient business sense. He is intensely interested in dramatics, and this interest took a practical turn when he participated in the Junior and Senior Plays and in the Masque Club production.

Neil Webb

Activities: Boy Scouts 1, Scisnerof 2-3-4, "Adam and Eva" 3, "Perfect Alibi" 4, Swimming 1-2-3-4, Tennis 2-3-4, Football 4, Class President 3, Student Council Vice-President 3, Rough Rider Editor 4, Spur Staff 4, Masque Club 3, French Club 3, Boys' Chorus 4.



MARGARET MERRITT

Wit and cheer seem to typify the brown eyed, blonde Margaret Merritt who has been in Roosevelt since the seventh grade. She appears to be a budding young poetess and an active author, having written several good stories and poems each year. Margaret likes to dance, swim, ride horseback, play tennis, and cook. She has always been a friend of all her classmates and enters into all class activities enthusiastically. Give Margaret something to laugh about, and she laughs whole heartedly.

Marie Dusbiber

Activities: Girl Scouts 1-2-3-4, Girls' Athletics 1-2-3-4, G. A. A. Council 2, Girls' Tennis Champion 2, Tumbling Team 1-2, Class President 2, Creative Writing Club 2-4, "Adam and Eva" 3, French Club 3, Masque 3-4, Rough Rider 4, Hillcrest Staff 4, Scisnerof 4, Girls' Chorus 4, Mixed Chorus 4, A Cappella Choir 4.





MAXINE MERRYFIELD

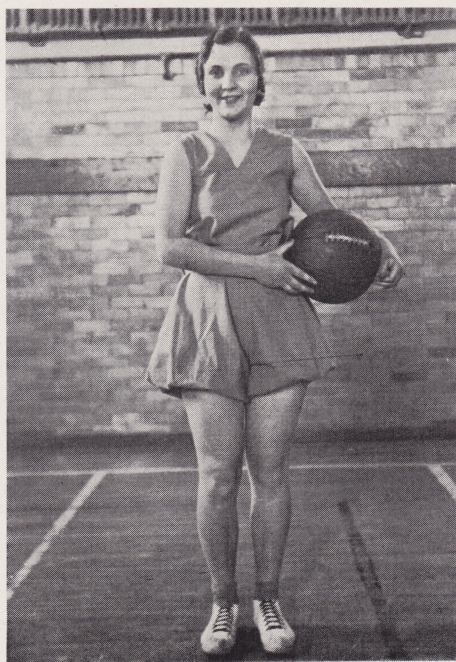
Sweet, demure, and very conservative is little Miss Maxine Merryfield when she slips "as quiet as a mouse" about the corridors of the school building. She is the source of much merriment among her friends as she flashes her radiant smile and the pretty dimples grow deeper and deeper.

However, she is not always this same shy girl. There are certain hours throughout the day that she dares to throw aside her cloak of modesty and become a "modern miss."

To most people, Maxine is just a very nice, quiet girl; but to those who really know her, she is loads of fun, and a bag full of joy.

Helen Greenstreet

Activities: French Club 3, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Girls' Chorus 3, G. A. A. Council 3.



GRACE MORAN

Sparkling eyes! Smiles! Laughter! Wit! These constitute an integral part of Grace Moran. "Gracie" as she is lovingly called by her classmates, contributes in a large measure to the life and fun of the Senior Class. She is able to see the humorous side of everything. Although she has spent only one year in Roosevelt, she has become a friend and understanding companion of all. She is athletically inclined and has participated in all the girls' games. Basketball is her particular specialty. She hopes to be a language teacher in the future, and we all wish her the best of luck. As a Latin instructor she should prove popular.

Dorothy Jenks

Activities: Ferndale High 1-2-3, Dramatics 4, Sodalitas Latina (M. S. N. C.) 4, Mixed Chorus 4, Girls' Chorus 4, Girls' Athletics 4, Hillcrest Staff 4, Photography Club 4.

CHARLES NEIR

Out of those bashful short-pant days, Charles Neir or "Charlie" has grown to be a young chap of charm. His enchanting voice allures but his musical ability is not confined to the vocal. He enjoys instrumental work and participates in band and orchestra. Not only in music, but also in dramatics he proved an imposing figure.

He, too, donned the athletic garb and played well in baseball and basketball. But Charles came into his own in the field of journalism. He wrote practically all the sports highlights of this year.

Helen Heimerdinger

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Latin Club 2-3, Orchestra 2-3, Class Secretary 3, Band 2-3, "Adam and Eva" 3, Baseball 3-4, Scisnerof 3-4, Math Club 3-4, French Club 3, Boys' Chorus 4, A Cappella Choir 4, "Perfect Alibi" 4, Rough Rider 4.



JAMES NEWCOMBE

Jimmie Newcombe is just different. With his big blue eyes and his artistic temperament he attracts people, and then his magnetism proves to be of that quality which holds them.

Swimming, tennis, golf, and ice-skating are likely to intrigue him, and books are a never-ending source of pleasure. Only he insists that he must have the luxury of juicy red apples within his reach when he sits down with his favorite author.

His deep interest in music is revealed by his continued membership in the school choruses, his position as organist in a local church, and his organ composition appearing in this Hillcrest.

Joyce Seamans

Activities: Wilmington, Illinois 1, Boys' Chorus 2-3-4, Mixed Chorus 2-3-4, Latin Club 2-3, French Club 3, Scisnerof 3-4.





EVA OULMANN

Just a year ago Eva came to Roosevelt to start her first and last voyage on the "Good Ship Roosevelt." The three previous years were spent in Ann Arbor High. Her pleasing disposition prevents her from saying unkind things about her friends. She has an interesting personality which shines before those who know her well. Eva is immaculate in appearance. She is the type who likes to have order everywhere. Her favorite hobbies are dancing and sewing. We wish her the best of luck in everything she undertakes and we are hoping success will be hers.

Sue Wilkins

Activities: Tappan Junior High School 1, Ann Arbor High School 2-3, Roosevelt High School 4.



ELSIE PENTLAND

If one were to enter Elsie Pentland's room one would immediately be attracted by the many oil paintings, charcoal sketches, and water colors which adorn her walls as proof of her creative ability. They make her room like a beautiful art gallery.

Elsie was formerly a student of the John D. Pierce school at Marquette, Michigan. She moved to Ypsilanti in 1930, where she has since attended Roosevelt High School. She has displayed a deep interest in industrial arts, reading, and the social events of the school.

Loretta Gale

Margaret Merritt

Activities: John D. Pierce High School Marquette 1, French Club 3, Industrial Arts 3.

SENIORS

CATHERINE PITTMAN

With the exception of her chief worry, which seems to be her freckles, Catherine is of a happy nature and has a personality that wins her many friends.

Having traveled quite a bit herself and knowing the many trials of traveling, she hopes to aid others afflicted with wanderlust. Thus she expects to find her vocation in a recognized travel bureau.

During her high school career she has taken an active part in interclass sports and music. She is a real "joiner," being a member of nearly every club in the school. In the Senior Play she was a leading lady.

Madge Bird

Activities: Girl Scouts 1-2-3, Gir's' Athletics 1-2-3-4, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Gir's' Chorus 1-3-4, G. A. A. Council 1, Circulus Intimus 1-2, Student Council 1-2, Scisnerof 2-3-4, French Club 3, Masque Club 3-4, Math Club 3-4, "Perfect A'ibi" 4, Sodalitas Latina (M. S. N. C.) 4, Rough Rider 4, A Cappella Choir 4.



EDNA MARY POE

Miss Edna Mary Poe is an elusive individual; you seem to know her, yet you know her not. She moves among the crowd, making keen mental observations, yet saying little. Occasionally she is moved to an outburst which silences the sprightly company. Then it is that her tongue, as if loosed, reveals the thought processes which precede her excursions into the realm of poetry and prose expression.

And after this insight into a region behind a pair of dark eyes one becomes aware of a distinctly pleasing personality. One sees long black curls, a small face with sharply defined features, and one is aware that one would like to know her better.

Maxine Saffell

Activities: Girl Scouts 1, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3.





BETTY POOLER

Betty Pooler vies for the honor of being an A-1 scholar. She ranks among the highest of our intellectual climbers.

However, Betty seems to have found plenty of time to pursue other interests besides her school work. She took an active part in the Dramatics Club of 1932 and was a member of the Latin Club in her junior and senior years. As a Freshman she won first place in the annual declamation contest.

Betty certainly surprises one, for it is hard to understand how such a quiet modest girl can do so much and still retain the unusual charm of the person who wins without getting a "big head."

Norma Jane Campbell

Activities: Mixed Chorus 2, Declamations 1, French Club 3, Photography Club 3, Dramatics Club 3, Math Club 3-4, Handicraft Club 3, Latin Club 3-4.



MARGARET ROSSIO

If a person were to observe Margaret Rossio, he would soon learn that she is a young woman who is quite able to do things "on her own." As proof of this, she hitch-hiked her way to the Great West, very much independent of resources other than a winning smile and an agile thumb. She has done much of this sort of traveling and expects to do more of it, for it is her ambition to become a writer.

It absolutely bores Margaret to have to take orders from anyone. She likes to be away from people, so that she will not have to follow their whims or suggestions.

Grace Moran

Activities: Lake Linden High School, Chicago, 1-2; Metropolitan Business College, Chicago, 3.

SENIORS

JOHN RICHARDS

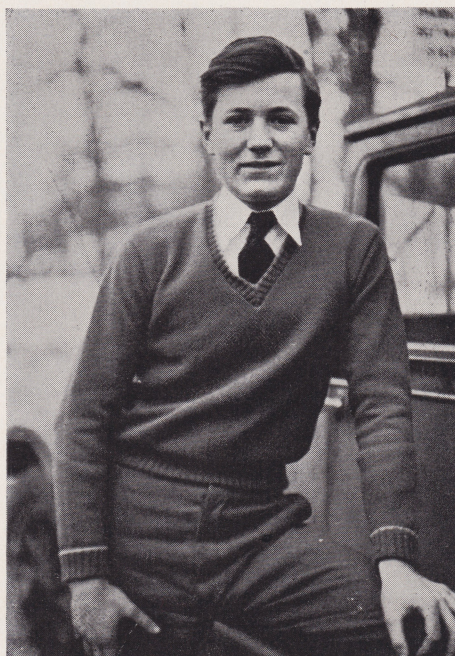
John might be best described by the quotation, "Still waters run deep." Entering his class in his senior year he proved to be a good sport and a trustworthy friend. The nickname "Shorty" seems to fit him perfectly.

Although John is an exceptionally good bowler, swimmer, and bridge player, he excels in baseball. The major part of his education was received in Detroit and Florida schools where he was on both the swimming and baseball teams.

Boats and baseball dimly figure in his future at the present time, and his friends hope some day to know him as Johnny, a famous left-handed pitcher.

Marie Dusbiber

Activities: Sherrard Int. 1, Sherandoah Junior High School 1, Northern High School 2, Cass Technical High School 3, Baseball 4.



MAXINE SAFFELL

To Maxine Saffell goes the distinction of being accepted by her friends as the "Lass with the Delicate Air" for Micky, as she is lovingly called, is dainty and demure. She seldom voices her opinion, but beneath her gentle mien there is hidden power. Once launched on an adventure of choice or necessity she recognizes no obstacles.

She has lent generous support to such school activities as the Math Club, Scisnerof Society, and the Girl Scouts. She was chairman of the properties committee for the Junior Play, and upon her shoulders rests the responsibility for a creative vitalized class day program.

Dorothy Jenks

Activities: Girls' Athletics 1-2-3-4, Girl Scouts 1-2-3-4, Student Council 2, Scisnerof 3-4, Math Club 3-4, Masque Club 3-4, Mixed Chorus 3, Rough Rider 4.





JOYCE SEAMANS

When the gods made her they concentrated upon her beauty, kindness, and good humor. Her name, Joyce, with its sound of happiness and song, is most appropriate. It conjures up visions of laughter and romance. Her guardian spirit seems to be the little god, Eros.

She spent part of her junior year at Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, and part of her senior year at St. Mary's Academy, Monroe. The pull of the home school was strong, and so Joyce came back to complete her high school career in familiar scenes and among friends and class-mates of long standing.

Mary Darling

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1-2-4, Inter-class Sports 1-2, Genesee Wesleyan Seminary 3, St. Mary's Academy 4.



LOIS SMITH

Lois is a rather tall girl, possessed of very pretty wavy hair. She is a pleasant mixture of fun and seriousness, with a slight emphasis on the latter. She is ready to help anyone whenever she can. Her interest in music showed itself by her membership in the mixed chorus. Another hobby was dramatics, and so she answered to roll call at Masque. She is enthusiastic about typing and shorthand, and plans to take up secretarial work after graduation. She is very well liked by all who know her. She can always be depended upon, and is an interesting girl.

Maxine Merryfield

Activities: Mixed Chorus 3, Masque Club 3-4.

MONICA SMITH

Monica Smith could be described as a tall slim girl with long, black, wavy hair and big brown eyes. She was born in England but came to Ypsilanti at a very early age and has attended Roosevelt for many years. Her favorite pastime seems to be dancing, and she certainly enjoys this form of exercise. She also finds pleasure in reading and spends much time with books.

While in high school, Monica has been a member of Mixed Chorus, Masque Club, and Girls' Chorus. As she reviews her high school career, she is likely to measure her success largely in terms of her commercial studies. She is being graduated with a high scholastic record, and, what is more, she leaves behind lasting friends.

Lois Smith
Maxine Merryfield

Activities: Mixed Chorus 2, Masque Club 1, Girls' Chorus 1.



ROSELEIN SPINK

You all know Roselein or "Rosie," don't you? A pair of wide blue eyes, some wavy brown hair, an endearing personality—these are first impressions. There is more than this to Roselein, however. She loves to dance and sing and is very successful in the pursuit of these pleasant pastimes. She has a yearning for romance and spends many moments, leisure and otherwise, at the delightful if not always profitable occupation of day dreaming. But the world needs dreamy people here and there. Yes, and we may well add, that among those who are most capable of passing judgment, she is rated as an ideal friend.

Sue Wilkins

Activities: Mixed Chorus 2-3, Girls' Chorus 3, French Club 3.





KENNETH STANTON

Kenneth Stanton, the 'hefty' red-headed boy with the knack of slipping occasionally when he shoots a basket, has been a long-time citizen of Roosevelt School.

He launched his athletic career when he won the marble shooting championship as a Sophomore. During his senior days he has participated in basketball and baseball. He likes music particularly and so has answered roll call in band for two years. Kenny has always been interested in the affairs of his class and has served whenever his services were requested.

William Colburn

Activities: Band 2-3.



ROBERT L. STEVENSON

Master Robert L. Stevenson, imported from China about eight or nine months ago, has already established himself as one of the 296. This gentle lad has had many experiences that stand him in good stead for that portion of life still left for him to tackle. Not satisfied with being just a good student he has found satisfaction in the Senior Play, "The Perfect Alibi." He is a member of both the orchestra and band, and he shows much promise in the field of tennis. All we can say about this person is that if his later life measures up to that which he has experienced, he is destined to lead a well rounded, full, and exciting future. With advancing years he can gather unto himself some vivid memories and sit idly by his still hearth dreaming about the glorious past.

Catherine Pittman

Activities: China Inland Mission Boys' School 1, North China American School 2-3, Student Council 4, Band and Orchestra 4, "Perfect Alibi" 4.

LEIGE STRIBLEY

A rather delicate physique, at first glance, but be not deceived. Look more closely. You will see in his long, lean stature, endurance, speed, and agility—a combination which made him an outstanding athlete.

He proved his prowess by playing on the football and baseball squads. In basketball he did much to carry the team through a highly successful season.

Leige is rather quiet. He refuses to give much information about himself. No one knows whether he has a girl or not. If he has, he doesn't broadcast it. The high school co-eds feel very, very well toward him, but he doesn't bat an eyelash. He knows better! Like Coolidge, he will undoubtedly win his fame, not by lengthy orations, but by his imperturbable silence.

Charles Neir

Dorothy Jayne Jenks

Activities: Basketball 3-4, Baseball 3-4, Math Club 4, Football 4.

DALTON STUMP

He loved work. He was never so happy as when hopelessly busy. He wanted to be tirelessly engaged in getting something done. Thus the print shop proved a perfect medium of expression. What with Rough Rider, Spur, and Hillcrest, plus innumerable odd jobs, he could be forever engaged in productive activity.

And in athletics he found another outlet for his boundless energy. He was the brilliant fullback who so resolutely followed in the steps of his famous brother, Dale Stump '30. He played alternate pitcher and catcher on the baseball team and brought honor to his class and school.

Thyra Kinghorn

Activities: Student Council 1, Class President 1, Basketball 1, Football 1-2-3-4, Baseball 1-2-3-4, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Boys' Chorus 2-3-4, Math Club 3-4, Rough Rider 4, Scisnerof 4.





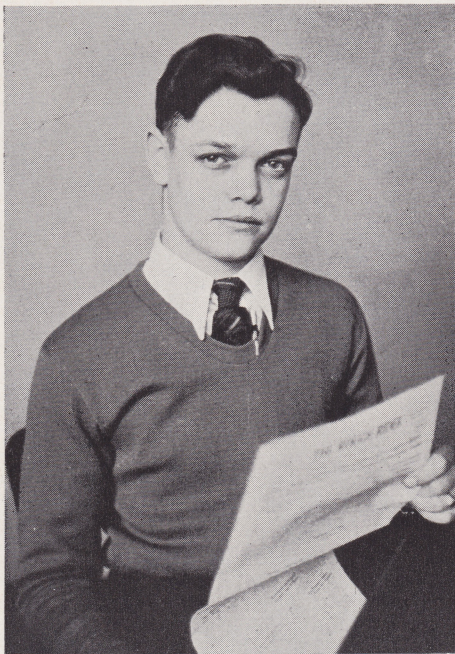
ETHEL SWIHART

Another basket and the game goes to the Seniors. Who is that young lady who is so good at shooting baskets? Why, that's Ethel Swihart—senior high point star. Is she good! Basketball isn't the only thing she's good in either. She has also been outstanding in volley ball, baseball, and field ball. She is commonly known as the best all-round girl athlete among her classmates. She likes all kinds of athletics, and has attended practically every game and meet in which Roosevelt has participated since she began her high school life.

Helen Greenstreet

Margaret Merritt

Activities: Girls' Chorus 4, Mixed Chorus 3-4, Girl Scouts 1-2-3-4, G. A. A. Council 1, Rough Rider 4, Masque Club 4, Math Club 4, Scisnerof 4, Secretary Student Council 4, Tumbling Team 1-2, Girls' Interclass Sports 1-2-3-4.



NEIL WEBB

The Staff Room Jester! Here, there, everywhere, with his jubilant and unquenchable exuberance. His original and creative humor pours forth from his humorous mouth like lava from a volcano. He keeps the whole world laughing, or at least everyone within earshot or within eye-range or his side-splitting Rough Rider feature stories.

But to turn to his more serious side, we find a boy who is interested in his studies, and eager to be of service to his school; a boy who can be serious when he wants to be. In spite of exercising the element of levity, he can also exercise the element of gravity.

William Bazley

Activities: Chorus 1-2-3-4, Masque Club 3, French Club 3, Math Club 3, Scisnerof 4, Student Council 4, Rough Rider 4, Hillcrest 4, Class Vice-President 4.

SENIORS

SUE WILKINS

Sue Wilkins was recruited from the Birmingham Girls' School, Birmingham, Pennsylvania, in September, 1932. At first, Roosevelt with its stress on a democratic pupil control seemed to her strangely and disconcertingly different. She found certain routine procedure distinctly unpleasant. Her pet peeve was her locker, which seemed ever perverse. Moods change, however, and Sue discovered that Roosevelt girls could be charming substitutes for the boarding school friends whom she had left behind. She found that ice skating and basketball are accepted Michigan sports, and that youth the world over loves to dance. And so Sue with her love of a good time found good-time lovers at Roosevelt.

Helen Heimerdinger

Activities: Birmingham Girls' School 1-2-3.



CHARLES WOODWARD

In the year 1931 there joined this priceless Senior Class a husky athlete by the name of Charles Woodward. Now Charles came into this group freighted with good cheer and an abundance of energy. Since these are desirable traits, it was not long before he had won the friendship and esteem of the whole class. "Chuck" became a valued member of the football squad, playing center. He displayed a liking for dramatics and rated the role of Major Fothergill in "The Perfect Alibi." He worked tirelessly in the school print shop, thereby putting a record of his craftsmanship in permanent form.

Charles Neir

Activities: Milan High 1-2, Boys' Chorus 3-4, Mixed Chorus 3-4, Track 3, Football 4, "Perfect Alibi" 4.



THE HILLCREST

By Thyra Kinghorn
THE SENIOR REVUE

Prologue

Listen now, you merry readers,
And a thrilling tale we'll tell:
How this group of Roosevelt Seniors
Did their work and did it well.
In an atmosphere progressive
Where they learned to think with care,
As the rapid years successive
Taught respect for knowledge fair.

**Our entrance
to Roosevelt
And our
Sponsors**

Came the time we entered Roosevelt
From the school across the way
With our ever patient sponsors
Guiding us in work and play.
There were Crawford, Binns and Menzi
In our early Junior days—
Regal, Martindale and Stinson
Aided in our Senior ways.

**Sophomore
Reception**

Now before us loomed a party
By our upper classmen given
Causing all our hearts to tremble
While through antics we were driven.
There were costumes quaint and gaudy,
But the food was not so good,
When you found it forced upon you
In a manner slightly rude.

**Officers and
Projects of the
Sophomore
Year**

Margaret Merritt was our leader
In whose absence Bill did act;
Thyra was our record keeper,
Helen held the money sack.
There we framed a constitution
But its precepts ever slacked
So to iron out all our wrinkles,
By a congress had it backed.

**Officers of the
Junior Class**

Came we then to be good Juniors
In the fall of thirty-one
Guided by four worthy heroes,
Maidens there was nary one.
Mellencamp as head presided,
William Colburn at his side,
We put Lyons by the money,
Charlie Neir the minutes cried.

SENIORS

**"Adam and Eva"
Our Junior
Play**

Then as Juniors we were famous
In our projects one and all;
When we staged our "Adam and Eva"
Mighty cheers rang through the hall,
We portrayed a wealthy family
Idly spending night and day
Till our family coffers' shrinkage
Made us up and change our way.

**Our Farewell
For the Seniors**

While on bended knees we labored,
Adding touches here and there
To create a distant Northland
In our gym so bleak and bare.
There to snowy shores of Iceland
Came brave knights and maidens true
There to trip to mystic music,
Bid the Seniors fond adieu.

**Senior Traditions
Figure largely
In our School
Life**

When as Seniors high and mighty
We chose Bill as president;
There were Helen, Neil and Lyons
Faithfully on their duties bent.
We were given special honors
Other schoolmates were denied.
Clad in sweaters black and golden
On our stairway did we stride.

**Senior Year
Activities**

There were many undertakings
Scheduled for the Seniors mighty;
Spur and Hillcrest to be published
"Paper" calling loud fortnightly,
Senior play demanding practice
So the "Alibi'd be Perfect,"
Class Day plans and preparations,
Graduation, final reckoning.

Adieu

Now the time has come for parting
From the classmate and the friend
From the school we love so dearly
Other paths we'll have to wend—
But Old Time is ever rushing
We must hasten when he calls
Just the same we'll always treasure
Days we spent within these walls.



PHOTO BY MENZIE

WINTER TIME ON THE CAMPUS

PART TWO



PHOTO BY MENZI

MOTHER GOOSE SILHOUETTES

Mother Goose Rhymes formed the subject of a First Grade Chapel. The announcer was Mother Goose herself in costume and before the curtains. The characters were silhouetted against an improvised screen by standing on a small platform placed close to the screen and a strong floor light.

As each "picture" was shown a choir of First Grade children sang the accompanying Mother Goose Rhyme.

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

ON WINTER

Jack Frost makes all the snow,
Makes all the children happy as can
be.

Daryl Chamberlain, age 5

Sunshine shining on the snow,
Makes all the white snow melt.

Margaret Golczynski, age 5

Big houses and the little house every-
where,

Snow, snow everywhere,
Nothing but deep snow all around
and everywhere.

Tommy O'Neal, age 6

Trees, trees,
Children play in the snow.

Evelyn Lappinen, age 6

Winter, winter, winter, winter,
You are not like summer,
In summer time there's sunshine,
In winter time there's snow.

Hans Jens, age 6

Snowballs, snowballs,
When you throw the snowballs,
Then all the children are as happy
as can be.

John Hewens, age 6

Snowflakes, snowflakes,
Falling everywhere,
When Santa comes
There'll be more snowflakes there.

Bud Susterka, age 6

Snowflakes, snowflakes,
Flying through the air,
Small ones and big ones most every-
where.

Betty Ann Menzi, age 7

SUMMER

The birds are singing,
The butterflies are flying,
The bees want honey.
The flowers smell sweet,
The trees are pretty,
The day is gay.

Priscilla Hicks, age 7

CHRISTMAS POEM

Christmas is full of cheer;
Santa Claus will soon be here
With all his reindeer.
We are happy with glee
Around the Christmas tree,
With all the things we see.

Gilis Turner, age 7

GROUNDHOG DAY

Sun, sun stay away,
Don't let the groundhog
See his shadow today.

Netia Neubert, age 7

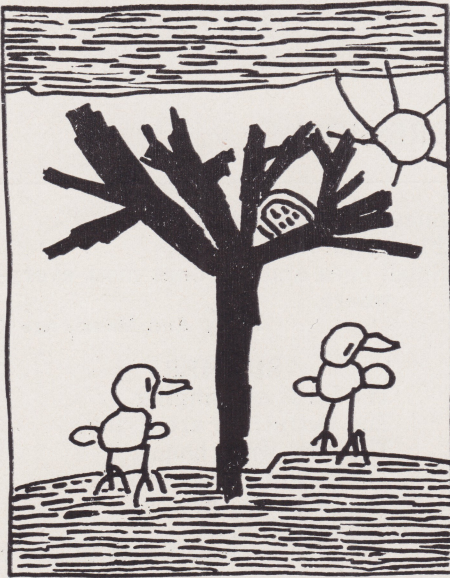
HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en is here!
Everybody's in his clown suits
Dancing far and near.

Annie Laurie Rogers, age 7



Harlos Taylor, age 14



Jean Leland, age 7

Jack-O-Lantern, Jack-O-Lantern,
Was sitting on the gate-post with his
big shining eyes and his smiling
mouth and big nose. Ted, the dog,
came along and how he did bark
and bark and bark.

Robert Isaacson, age 7

I like to take an airplane and ride up
oh, so high
To see if I could find the things float-
ing in the sky;
I'd find out if there are angels there,
Or a king in a golden chair.

Sally Smith, age 7

LITTLE PAINTED TURTLE

Little turtle, do you carry your house
with you?

Do you live round the lake?

Yes, little girl, I do.

I sleep with my tail in,

And I sleep with my head in, too.

I am cozy and warm all the time.

Patty Wright, age 7

THE LITTLE WHITE RABBIT

One day a little white rabbit was hop-
ping down the road,
Hop, hop, hop; all the way he went.
His long pink ears went floppity, flop-
pity flop,
As little white rabbit went hoppity,
hoppity hop.

Patty Wright, age 7

IF

If I had the money,
I'd take a trip out west;
But of course I haven't;
So I may as well rest.

Richard Davis, age 8

Written by Richard when he was ill
in the hospital.

SPRING

From the south the birdies come
To sing us songs today.

Peggy Osgood, age 8

MY BIRTHDAY CAKE

I like my birthday very much,
It comes but once each year.
My cake is good with frosting deep
All trimmed with candles sweet
Saying "Happy birthday, Alice Anne"
Then on this pretty cake of mine
My mother places candles nine.

Alice Ann Ritchie, age 8

FALL

Summer is gone, fall has come,
The leaves are falling down,
And every single one of them
Has a little speck of brown.

Among these tiny little leaves
The squirrels dance and play,
They step on nuts and crackle them,
And store them away.

Susan Eckley, age 8

SPRING

At the first of spring
When the bobolink sings,
And the other birds come
From the south,
The robins are merry
As sweet as a cherry,
And I am my own little self.

Susan Eckley, age 8

CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas, Christmas,
Christmas is here!
All the boys and girls are full of cheer
And dancing round without any fear,
As graceful and happy as the deer.

Christmas, Christmas,
I'm full of cheer;
The day that comes but once a year.
Barbara Newcombe, age 8

THE BARBER

The barber's shears
Go snip, snip, snip.
The barber's shears
Go clip, clip, clip.
Then the barber says,
"I'm done,"
And I go home with a run.

Christine Smith, age 8

WINTER DAY

The snow is on the ground,
And it's slippery all over town,
And every boy and girl is sliding,
While others on the ice are gliding.

Donald Brown, age 9

A THANKSGIVING POEM

Indians in colored robes bright and
gay,
Pumpkins and cornfields orange and
brown,
How the Pilgrims did rejoice
On the first Thanksgiving feast.

When the harvest days were over
And the barns were stuffed with
grain
The people wished a feast each year
Because their hearts were gay.

John Kennedy, age 9

NIGHT

When the moon is shining in the
night,
When the stars are flickering in the
sky,
The fairies come out to play.

Herbert Smith, age 9

SPRING

April, May and a little of June
And the buds will come and bloom,
Then the children will pick them soon
And the birds will sing a melodious
tune.

Orlo Gale, age 10, and

Bobby Hicks, age 9

THE MOON

When we look at the moon so high,
It shines like a diamond in the sky.
You can not see his face so round,
Because he is so far from the ground.

Lorraine Larson, age 9

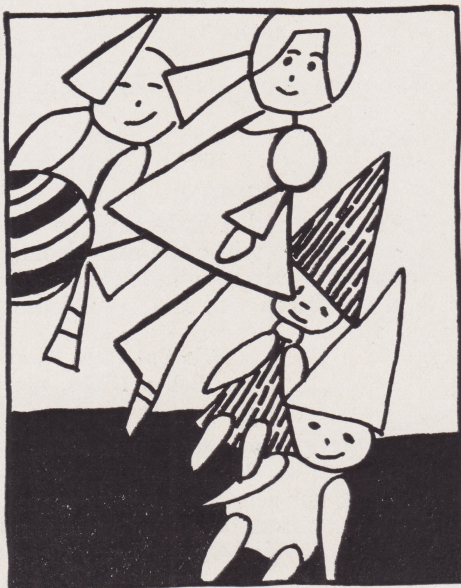
TULIPS

Little Miss Tulip, red and white,
Yellow and white, green and bright,
Swaying and nodding in the fresh air
Little Miss Tulip, so fair.

Dorothy Golczynski, age 9



Geneva Blake, age 14



Donella Woodward, age 14

SPRING

When the blue sky smiles,
And the birds come back,
And little flowers are springing,
I feel inside all sunny and warm,
I feel like dancing and singing.

Dorothy Condon, age 9

PUSSY WILLOWS

Pussy willows are out this day,
Little buds are budding,
The birdies are chirping in the trees,
With their sweet voices singing.

Lillian Anspach, age 9

THE STARS

Good-bye, good-bye,
The stars would say,
'Twill soon be morn, you know.
So come with me
And live in the sky;
You can sail on the fluffy clouds all
day
And rock in the moon all night.

Lillian Anspach, age 9

OUR BABY

Our baby is quite nice,
But when I start to play
She's always in the way.
One day, I was writing on a piece of
paper, and
Along came the baby and tore it in
little pieces.

But when she gets older,
If she can't drink from a cup,
She will not be grown up.

Jean Edwards, age 9

THE SNOWBALL FIGHT

It was a snowy night,
We had our snowball fight.
Jerry threw a mean snowball,
Hit a boy and made him fall.
This made the boy cry,
And call Jerry an awful guy.

Roger Smith, age 9

BIRDIES SING

Oh, so sweetly
The birdies sing
Tweet-tweet!
Tweet-tweet!
Tweet-tweet!
Through the trees
The cardinal sings
Tweet-tweet!
Tweet-tweet!
Tweet-tweet!
We hear them
Again and again
Tweet-tweet!
Tweet-tweet!
Tweet-tweet!

Dan Boutell, age 9

EGYPT

Egypt with her desert of sand
And pyramids on her land
Has sphinxes very high,
They look as if they touched the sky.
But when the Nile floods the land
It changes Egypt so that it's not all
sand.

Celia Stoltz, age 9

CREATIVE EXPRESSION



Geneva Blake, age 14



Doris Durham, age 14



Veronica Cumming, age 13



Joan Olds, age 13

COSTUME DESIGN

WHAT I LIKE

I like to watch the sailboats that sail
on the sea.
I like to hear the giant waves that go
shee—shee—
I like to see the polliwogs that look
like little boats,
And I like to see them float.

Ario Cox, age 9

In a manger, Jesus lay,
Upon the soft and yellow hay;
Wise men came from far away
To see the baby in the hay.

Gertrude Menzi, age 9

THE SEA

I love to see the giant waves,
And the foam all sparkling bright;
I love to see the ships sail by,
Until they are out of sight.
I love to see the big red sun
Sink down in the deep blue sea;
And when the sky is draped in color,
It's more beautiful than ever to me.

Ann Gill, age 9



Sally Shaeffer, age 12

MARCH WINDS

"Hear the wind a blowing,"
Blowing swift and strong,
Whistling through the tops of trees,
Crying all around.

Delmar Seleska, age 10

AT NIGHT

At night when you are tucked in bed,
The stars are sparkling overhead.
The moon in all her splendor, too,
Seems to say good night to you.

Mari-yn Miller, age 10

NATURE

Pine tree, you stand so straight and
tall
With your branches spread out as the
wind passes by
At night the little birds come to your
branches and go to sleep,
Then your branches cuddle around
the birds to keep them warm
Till the sun arises and morning
dawns.

Virginia Tesch, age 10

FAIRY CHRISTMAS TREES

One morning early I awoke at dawn
I looked out the window and upon
the lawn.
I saw fairy trees
With beautiful gold and silver leaves.
But the little snowflakes white
Had fallen in the night
And made the evergreen trees look
Like diamonds in the light.

Virginia Tesch, age 10

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is here!
Thanksgiving is here!
With all of its cheer!
The snow is falling soft and white;
The bells in the church steeple are
ringing sweet and clear:
Thanksgiving is here!
Thanksgiving is here!

Sally German, age 10

WOOLLY SHEEP

The supervising teacher conducted a picture appreciation lesson using Maure's "Spring" as the subject. The next day Marilyn brought the following poem to school. It is the result of her own efforts:

This picture is of woolly sheep,
Going home to rest and sleep.
The shepherd's dog stands by his master,
Watching the sheep graze in the pasture.

The shepherd is clad in Dutch clothes,
With wooden shoes and pointed toes.

Marilyn Miller, age 10

THE PYRAMIDS

The pyramids stand as good as new,
They stand so straight and tall,
They make me think of mountain tops
Stretching high up to the sky.

Alfred Burrell, age 10

It became necessary for Mary Steimle, a member of the fourth grade, to go to Switzerland to regain her health. On board ship she made the acquaintance of a German surgeon who, when they separated, presented her with these verses.

"TO MARY STEIMLE"

Mary, may your dreams come true
Of Health and Happiness, your due;
And may the Lord in His wise way
Bring you safely home on some near day.

Mary, may your dreams come true,
And back to Dad and brothers, too.
May you be sailing some day,
And may that day be soon, we pray.

Mary, as we drift apart,
Kindly keep, deep in your heart,
Thoughts of officers and crew
Who, the best, are wishing you.

Pernor H. Candon, M. D.
Surgeon, City of Hamburg

A FISH STORY

I went a swimming in a lake,
And I saw a great big snake.
I swam as fast as I could go,
But he caught me and bit my toe.
I turned round and bit his tail,
And in the distance I saw a whale;
He swallowed me as he would the foam,

And inside of him I made my home.

Arthur Lee, age 10

SPRING DAYS

Flowers are lifting their pretty heads
To greet the warm sunshine.

The birdies are singing so sweetly

They say,

"Tweet-tweet,

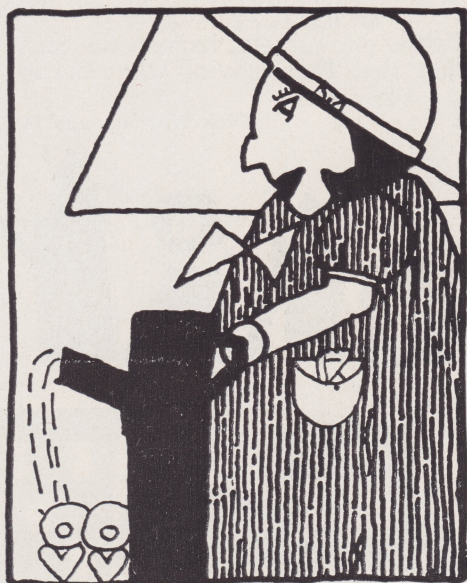
Spring is here."

Ruth Lennox, age 10

SIGNS OF SPRING

The trees are budding day by day,
The little sprouts are on their way,
With lots of rain and sunshine bright
The sleeping flowers will see the light.

Thomas Harris, age 10



Betty Durham, age 12

A PILGRIM'S THANKS

Lord of harvest, we give Thee thanks
By singing songs of praise.
We thank thee for the wheat and
corn,
And other crops we raise.

We thank thee for the spring and
fall,
The summer with its rain;
We thank thee for the pumpkins too,
And fields of ripening grain.

Ruth Darling, age 11

HARVEST

Harvest days are here at last
The leaves are falling thick and fast,
We like the cool crisp weather,
And snow that falls like feathers;
Then sometimes it comes down like
sleet

Wrapped up in a great white sheet.
Cariton Baker, age 11

THANKSGIVING TIME

Thanksgiving time has come again,
We gather our pumpkins and bring
them in,
Fatten our turkeys, harvest the corn
Now that Thanksgiving will come in
the morn.

Dick Wortiey, age 11

PRAYER

This was printed on the Thanksgiving
program of the Roosevelt Elementary
School.

Prayer is a lovely thing,
With dignity does it ever ring,
God hears every prayer and song
Even if you have done some wrong;
God hears you if you are near,
God hears you if you are far,
If you love Him you will pray
Even more than once a day.

Bill Allen, age 11

HARVEST

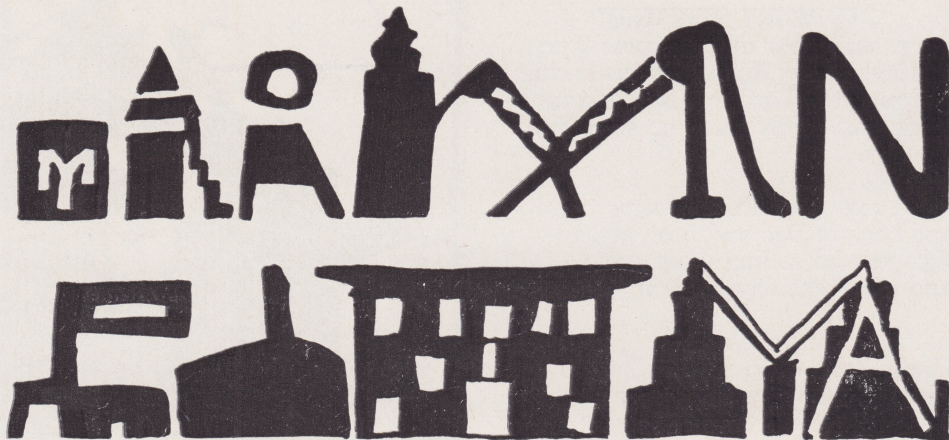
Oh Pilgrims, bring in the harvest.
Sing the songs of praise;
Remember to give thankfulness
To God, our maker of happiness.

Teddy Weinlander, age 11

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving day comes once a year,
Everybody is full of cheer.
We give thanks to God for all our
food,
And ask him to make us kind and
good.

Dick Holly, age 12



Marvin Pittman, age 13

THE RIVER AND HER CHILDREN

One night when the moon was high,
The river gave a great big sigh,
Because her children were playing
with great glee,
While she was floating onward to the
sea.

Orville Cornwell, age 12

BIDDING GOOD-BYE

Good-bye Winter, please stay away;
You make things so cold and gray;
How happy our lives would always be
If we could only live without thee.

Go away and let the flowers bloom,
For you are as cold as any tomb;
But after all you've brought us cheer
Because Christmas comes in your
time of year.

Veronica Cummings, age 13

COAL MINES

Down in a coal mine, dark and cold,
The miners work hard and bold.
You would think that the coal mines
were quiet at night,
When never a person is in sight;
But visit a coal mine once and see
That they're not as quiet as thought
to be.

I once went down in a coal mine cold,
And found the men working around
so bold.

I asked them about the coal they
mined;
But they couldn't answer,
They didn't have time.

Violet Richard, age 13

SPRING

The trees are budded and the grass
is green,
The forest looks like a big picture
screen;
The wind blows over the hill and
down past the mill
Leaving a sweet smell and thought.

Sylvia Burrell, age 13

CLASS BALLAD

'Twas in the year of twenty-nine.
When pocketbooks ran low,
Depression started down the line
Men moaned and groaned in woe.

Production almost took a flop,
The banks began to close,
Old man Depression was on top
And Wall Street was below.

Employment then began to lag
The poor folk cried for bread,
The men with jobs had cause to brag
But soon had cause to dread.

Some people started hoarding gold
In socks the money went
And then the misers all grew old,
The banks lent not a cent.

What can be the magic charm
To make the depression fade;
For to our lives it does much harm,
So from it we should wade?

And then the big election came,
The Democrats did score,
The noted Hoover ran in vain,
The G. O. P.'s were sore.

The people now do watch with hope
And wait the tide to turn;
For good times we again do grope
Our living we must earn.

Good times are coming, so they say,
Depression's near its grove,
And if the people will just pray
Their faith will them then save.

Nine B Class
Fall Term 1932

WILLOWS

The willows sway down by the brook,
Away out of sight in a shady nook;
Drooping and swaying in the waters
cool.
My willows bend their branches by
the pool.

Sylvia Burrell, age 13



Edna Wadke, age 14



Doris Durham, age 14



Geneva Blake, age 14



Selenah Murphy, age 14

COSTUME DESIGN

THE NEWEST WONDER

Radio, the newest wonder
Brings us news from far away,
Brings us music of the masters,
Brings us music fast and gay.

Radio, the newest wonder,
Brings us drama old and new,
Brings us speeches, brings us lectures
Brings us pleasures the day
through.

Robert LaRue, age 13

IN THE PASTURE

The sun was slowly rising,
The dew was on the grass,
Everything was beautiful,
Now that night was past.

The Bob-White softly whistled,
To his mate across the way,
The rabbits hopped and jumped about
In the new mown hay.

The crickets all were chirping,
The flowers were bright and gay,
Nature seemed just waiting,
To greet this bright June day.

The cows were eating quietly,
The sheep were in a flock,
All was as it should be,
In this peaceful pasture lot.

Gail Swihart, age 14

A POEM

A poem for school I had to write
Without a single thought in sight.
"What shall I write," said I to Dad.
"Something that will not be too bad."
Said he to me, "Write out your
thoughts
Even if they're mostly noughts.
A beautiful poem is flowing thought
By experience usually taught.
Rhyme and meter are only rules
That change our prose to flowing
pools."

Jack Burnett, age 14

MY SECOND HAND BIKE

A bike, a bike, a second hand bike.
I bought a bike at a second hand
store.

I paid two dollars and a little bit
more,
A trusty, rusty second hand bike.

A bike, a bike, a second hand bike.
I fixed the seat and fixed the wheel
But still it looked rather down at the
heel.

A trusty, rusty second hand bike.

A bike, a bike, a second hand bike.
I painted the frame and straightened
the spokes,

But still it was a subject for jokes.
A trusty, rusty second hand bike.

A bike, a bike, a second hand bike.
I oiled the bearings and patched the
tire.

I thought it would run like a house
afire.

A trusty, rusty second hand bike.

A bike, a bike, a second hand bike.
I rode it out one summer afternoon.
I was feeling fine but trouble came
soon.

A trusty, rusty second hand bike.

A bike, a bike, a second hand bike.
You usually get for what you pay.
In spite of what the trader may say.
A trusty, rusty second hand bike.

Jack Burnett, age 14



Thomas Power, age 14

THE EFFECTS OF THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION

After that Revolution of the French,
The spirit of democracy didn't sit on
the bench,
For everywhere in all the states,
Monarchies were destined to meet
their fates.

The French with Louis Phillipe, the
new king,
Under whom the bourgeois ran ev-
erything,
At length ruled with such a big bold
hand,
The people no longer for it would
stand.

Then for Louis Napoleon they sent,
For on securing a Republic they were
bent,
When from President to Emperor he
himself converted,
No serious objections were asserted.

But after several serious defeats,
The people got right up on their feet,
And the constitution adopted in 1875
Has kept the Republic to this day
alive.

Germany, too, wanted a unified state,
But for Prussia's leader it would
have been so in 1848;
About 1860 William I and Otto Von
Bismark came,
Who by uniting Germany won much
fame.

Through two wars the goal was
achieved,
And the Germans their unity had at
last received,
When a constitution was made in
1871,
They were sure democracy had been
won.

The Italians, too, had unity their
goal,
They were led by Mazzini, who of
Italian unity was the soul,
By the brain of Italian unity, Cavour,
And by Garibaldi, who ~~awes~~ the sword.

After the Sicilies, all Italy, and Sar-
dinia was taken too,
The dream of the Italians had at last
come true;
They had procured the much longed
for government,
And elected a popular parliament.

Now Austria, who was pretty much
the big shot,
After 1815 kept losing a lot,
Till in 1867 Austria-Hungary she be-
came,
And her government gradually
changed—Republican, by name.

The Russians weren't much affected
by this war,
But they were watched by spies
more and more,
And anyone who just reforms sup-
ported,
Was killed or from his native land
deported.

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

In England grew up a new Capitalist
class,
Who in 1832 got a reform bill to pass,
Then in 1867 and 1884 two bills
more were made,
So that the working men by suffrage
were paid.

Although England's revolution was a
bloodless one,
She was in Europe the one great sun,
And none could be compared with
her poets like Tennyson,
And her novelists like Scott, Dickens
and Stevenson.

Now there was Disraeli, a Conserva-
tive true,
Who helped to get the second reform
bill through,
And Gladstone was a Liberal, who
For England did all that he could do.

And so you see that I have cited,
How the French war many people
excited,
Who for a united country fought,
And what their struggles to them
have brought.

Ruth Mitchell, age 14



Betty Olsen, age 12



Florence Streeter, age 13

CLOUDS

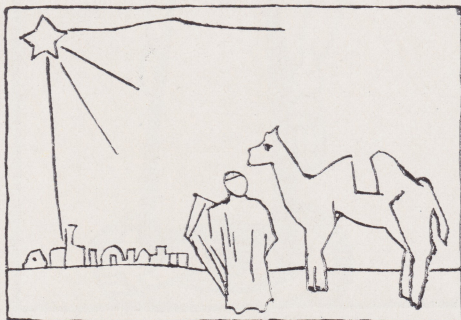
Majestically they sweep through the
heavens,
Their white billowy sails spread
through the wind,
Frolicking through the air like so
many happy children,
Teasing the soaring birds.
Ever changing.

First like people they look,
Then, fading into one another
They seem like huge trees,
Always bewitched are they
As if blown from the steam of the
magic pots of India.
Ever changing.

Their dispositions seem to match that
of the sky,
Light as down on a sunny day,
Dark and untamed during a storm,
Casting threatening frowns upon the
world.
Ever changing.

Above all things they are a mirror
of life,
Reflecting the hopes and dreams of
the young,
The sorrows and disappointments of
the old,
Hiding forever secrets, unknown.
Ever changing.

Lorene Isaacson, age 14



Marvin Pittman, age 13

AU SABLE

Looking down from banks that lie
Near water bluer than the sky;
A stately river meets your gaze,
Its beauty leaves you in a daze.
You know the river of which I write,
The river Au Sab'e, a wondrous sight.

'Twixt towering bluffs where pine
trees sway,
This river slowly makes its way;
Its shores are covered by logs and
sand,
A reminder of lumbermen's former
stand.
You'll never forget when once you've
seen
Au Sable's blue with silver sheen.

Its banks of green, the pine trees
high
This picture will rise before your
eye.
For once you've drunk of water
there,
You'll always return from anywhere.
Its fascination holds me still,
And I'll return, I know I will.

Thomas Matzen, age 14

SKATING

As you go down the Cross Street hill,
You hear a steady rolling,
And your heart with rapture fills,
For a-skating you are going.

As you go around the town you see
Crowds of children skating,
All are laughing out with glee,
For tumbles they are taking.

If you can really skate at all,
It would be loads of fun,
Even though you take a fall,
To try your luck on some.

Violet Campbell, age 14

SPRING

When the wind is blowing gently,
And the trees begin to bud,
When all the snow is melted,
And the roads are filled with mud.

When the boys are playing marbles,
And the birds begin to sing,
Then the children see the beauty
Of nature in the spring.

Maxine McCraight, age 14

THE COLLEGE FRESHMAN

"So you've bobbed your hair," her
father said,
When first the maid came home.
"I never thought you'd do it,
Now you surely need a comb."

"What's on your lips?" her mother
said,
When first the maid came home.
"I know those colors are the style,
But, Oh, they make me moan."

"Behold the nails," her brother said,
When first the maid came home.
"They look just like the stop lights
For the motorists in Rome."

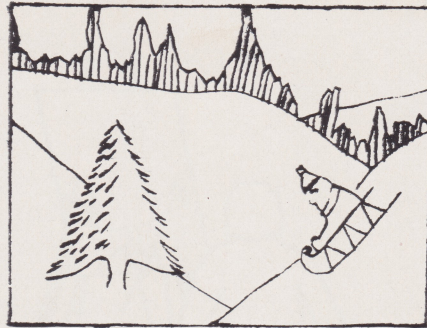
"You're so terribly old-fashioned,"
Said the maid when she came home.
"The critics say it is correct,
So please leave me alone."

Sigrid Johnson, age 14

LONGING

I've longed to sail in white-winged
ships,
To far and distant lands,
To feel the kiss from Zephyr's lips
While resting on the sands;
To lands where rise the rocky shores,
To lands of stream and dale,
To lands where rushing rivers pour
Across the grassy vale.

Tom Darling, age 15

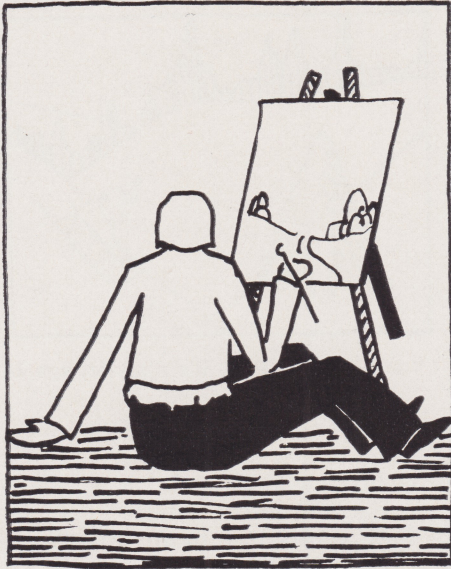


Paul Weinlander, age 14

TO A WILD FLOWER

I spoke to a wild flower saying:
O little wild flower!
Blowing in the wind,
Fair as any rose in any arbor,
Pure thou art—
For thou hast never sinned.
Tell me of the things
The wind whispers to you.
To which the wild flower did reply:
O thou mere mortal!
Try to talk to me
With thy clumsy language of words
Thy senses are deadened
From toil and clash of swords—
How could you understand
The whisperings of the wind?
At which I was abashed and did say:
O little wild flower!
Swaying in the breeze,
Wiser far than any such as me—
Spending my life
With birds and bees and trees—
Quite right art thou
About the whispers of the wind.
Again this wild flower did respond:
O thou pitiable mortal!
Ever searching for
Thy lost sense—that best of all—
Foolish wert thou to let
That sense forgotten fall.
But be ever list'ning on thy way
To what the wind will say.

Edna Mary Poe, age 15



Edna Mary Poe, age 15

I AM THE WIND

I am the Wind,
 The smart Wind, the cruel Wind,
 I am he, who blows cool breath
 Upon mortals, pure or sinned,
 Be they in Denver, London, or Giz-
 Peth.
 I am the Wind,
 The smart Wind, the cruel Wind,
 It is I, who blows hot gusts
 Upon mortals, pure or sinned,
 Be they Nomadic, Irish, or Elthusts.
 I am the Wind,
 The smart Wind, the cruel Wind,
 I drive the clouds along their way,
 Over mortals, pure or sinned;
 They feel my lightning lash if they
 delay.
 I am the Wind,
 The smart Wind, the cruel Wind,
 On, Clouds! CRASH! Bump, then,
 hard!
 Scare mortals, pure or sinned!
 I care not! I must be ever onward!

Edna Mary Poe, age 15

MORNING IN THE WOODS

Mellow, through the dim light of
 early dawn,
 Comes a flicker's clarion call;
 In a nearby copse runs a spotted
 fawn,
 A squirrel lets an acorn fall.
 Little striped chipmunks run races,
 Ever chattering as they go.
 Their gopher cousins have their
 chases,
 Running now fast; then slow.
 Slowly the golden sunlight spreads
 about,
 Over rolling hill and dell.
 Pushing the blue-white night mists
 out,
 Far off peals a church bell.

Edna Mary Poe, age 15

SCHOOL

Doors are slamming,
 Halls are jamming,
 Books are swinging,
 Bells are ringing,
 And then, silence!
 Teachers telling,
 Children spelling,
 Most are working,
 Some are shirking,
 And then, silence!
 Bells are ringing,
 Voices singing,
 Halls are thinning,
 Cars are spinning,
 And then, silence!

Ruth Mitchell, age 15

NATATORS

They're off with a splash!
 Now down the pool,
 Four swimmers are striving
 To win for their school.
 Now they pause, now they turn,
 One man shoots ahead,
 Who is it? Who is it?
 It's Sauer, they said.
 He shoves out his arm,
 He touches the end;
 And Roosevelt High School,
 Has won once again.

Jack Hilton, age 16

THE SKATERS

The moon was shining brightly upon
the ice below,
The boys and girls were skating,
skating to and fro;
Some were skating leisurely, holding
fast each other's hand;
Some were racing swiftly, they were
a happy, cheerful band.
They all lined up for Crack the Whip
with Mary on the end;
They start, they go, fast gaining
speed approaching now the bend.
Crack, went the whip, hands lost
their hold; they cried with all
their might;
Down on the ice, arms here, legs
there, 'twas a very funny sight.
Joyce Thayer, age 15

THE WOODS IN SPRING

Over the hills and across the fields
and in the woods we are,
With many acres of flowers stretch-
ing near and far.
There are violets, brilliant and but-
tercups, bright,
And spring-beauties that seemed to
have come up in the night.
With adder-tongue, yellow and blood-
root, white, the woods
In spring is a wonderful sight.
There are a lot of little green plants,
bushes and shrubs;
There are insects and worms and
little brown grubs.
And the birds all aglow, that over-
head soar,
Make the woods a musical roar.
Roberta Gundrum, age 15

SAILING DAYS

Round the corner stood a captain,
Telling tales of long ago;
Urchins round him eagerly gathered,
None to miss these tales of woe.
Shipwrecks and battles,
Winds and storms,
And then the trips back home.
How could he tell them all at once
When time once spent was done?
Round the corner, still the captain
Tells his experience of the seas.
Closer still his audience gathers,
Letting out some "Ohs" and "Gees"!
He must have been brave,
He must have been strong,
And plenty of tales he could tell.
What fun it would be to go hunt on
those shores,
And roam without fear of school bell!
Dorothy Hopps, age 16



Paul Blasey, age 13

TOMORROW?

He knew of a friend that was sick
and blue,
Who needed his help and deserved
it, too.
Said he, "I'll see what I can do—
Tomorrow."

He thought of the letters that he
should write
And the folks to whom they'd bring
delight.
Said he, "I'm tired tonight, I'll
write—Tomorrow."

The ending was sad for he died that
night
And all that he left when his life was
through
Was the stack of things he'd said
he'd do—Tomorrow.

Margaret Merritt, age 18

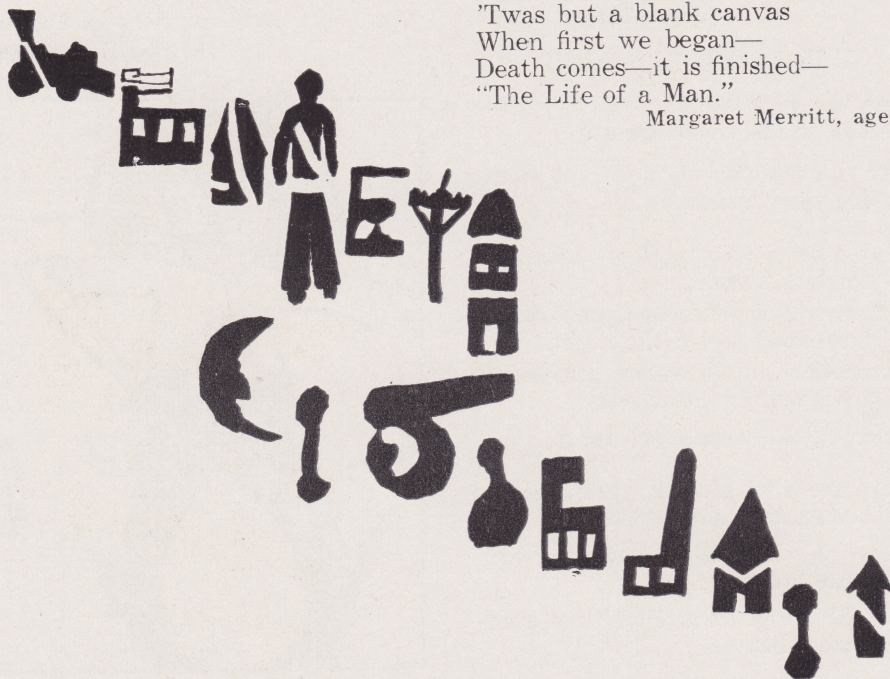
LIFE

Life is a canvas,
And we are the artists
Busily painting our picture each day,
Sunshine and laughter and things we
much feared,
Come from Life's tubes—
To be blended or smeared.

And as we go splashing
Our brushes about,
A sudden fear grips us—
The paint's giving out.
We try to fill in
With the dull blues and grey
Thus painting the sorrows,
Which darken our way.

The picture's most finished;
We blend and we shade;
We stand gazing with pride
At the picture we've made.
'Twas but a blank canvas
When first we began—
Death comes—it is finished—
"The Life of a Man."

Margaret Merritt, age 18



Kenneth Casselman. age 13

THINGS LOVED

Influenced by Rupert Brooke's poem, these pupils tell of things they love

THESE I LOVE

Tall and sturdy trees,
The creeping vines,
Many colored autumn leaves,
The green grass,
The smell of freshly mown alfalfa hay,
The beauty of spring flowers,
The happy birds,
Rolling ocean waves,
The blazing and crackling campfire,
And the crisp morning air.

Leil Atchinson, age 15

THESE I LOVE

Springs—sleepy dreamy spells;
April's sudden showers;
The surprising delight of a lonely violet, the first of the year
Called forth by the spirit of spring;
The earth suddenly taking on a green mantle after losing its cloak of white;
The joyful songs of returning birds;
Summer, with its swimming and outdoor sports;
Then the crisp vigorating autumn air; hunting excursions;
Returning home tired and hungry to find a hot dinner awaiting;
Joyous evenings beside the open hearth, in which a
Cheerful fire is burning and casting grotesque figures upon the wall;
Popcorn, nuts, and apples while Uncle Bob tells ghost stories
Which send the cold chills up the spine;
A cheerful "Good night," and then to slumberland between two feather ticks.
Boyhood reminiscence.

Lionel Smith, Special Student

THESE I LOVE

The sound of falling rain;
The blending of autumn colors;
A great white house with stately pillars;
Beautiful slender hands with poise and grace;
Transparent water with a clear sandy bottom;
The scent of fragrant flowers;
The gracious stained glass windows of a church;
Ships at sea on billowy waves;
The silence of a dewy morning;
The clear shrill whistle of a cardinal.

Betty Bowen, age 16

THESE I LOVE

The brilliant yellows and reds of the autumn leaves floating through the air;
A long evening ride through the country;
The pinks and greens of the flowers that are grouped around the houses;
The overflowing water fountain and the big white clouds with a friendly look;
Sitting on the porch on a quiet summer day reading a good story book with the faint sound of music which seems miles away.

Mildred Bush, age 16



Harlos Taylor, age 14



Enid Farrier, age 13



Ruth Foster, age 13



Ro'anda Boland, age 14



Stella Mae Terry, age 14

COSTUME DESIGN

THESE I LOVE

The green grass in the springtime of
the year,
And the warbling of a bird that in a
nearby tree I hear.
The colors of the landscape on an
autumn afternoon,
And the hazy mellow shining of a
delicate autumn moon.
The flaky snow in winter, and the
ice as smooth as glass,
And the birds that are flying south-
ward, in a dark and complex
mass.

Howard Thorpe, age 16

THESE I LOVE

White sails against a blue bay,
A windy autumn day,
Fiery sunset over a rippleless lake,
The friendliness of a jostling crowd,
Rompings of a playful puppy,
The peace of low lights,
Light on soft white hair,
An evening walk with a friend,
Cool winter sunshine on diamond
snow,
The whisperings of a spring day,
The smell of a leaf fire,
A twilight canoe ride; exquisite
piano playing;
Gigantic ocean waves; a symphony
concert;
Store windows festive with Christ-
mas decorations;
Sleigh bells tinkling in the feathery
air.

Dorothy Stellwegan, age 16

THESE I LOVE

The patter of rain on the roof;
The green growing trees of the
bright sunny spring;
Cooling wind on a hot summer night;
The rustle of rusty leaves in the fall
wind;
Silvery shining stars falling on the
lake;
The crunch of snow when walking;
The sparkling of the moon on ice.

Willard Richard, age 17

THESE I LOVE

A cool evening ride in hot summer;
The smell of freshly blossomed flow-
ers in the springtime;
A morning's ramble, hunting in the
woods;
The lapping of seawater upon a
beach;
A background of mighty cliffs flash-
ing their shadows upon a rip-
pling lake;
The noises of wild life;
An afternoon walk in the green
meadows;
The beauty of snow upon nature in
the winter time;
The thrill of skiing down a gentle
slope;
The sunset turning different colors
in the west;
A ship in the distance;
A twinkling of lights in a city;
Cattle grazing in a distant valley
near a gently flowing stream.

Glen Spencer, age 17

THESE I LOVE

Tall pine trees with prickly pine
cones;
Green meadows with high spirited
steeds;
Fawns in ferns and crimson leaves;
Sweet perfumes, black furs and laces;
Babbling brooks that flow gently;
Ocean waves mighty, green and blue,
sometimes white capped too;
Sweet notes of bird calls in the green
wood;
Tucked up cozy cottages in frozen
winter;
Moonlight on the old mill stream, and
endless fields of snow;
Moonlight nights on sandy sea shores;
Licking, leaping, flames of fire;
Jagged streaks of bolting lightning;
Mumbling roar of thunder.

Helen Heimerdinger, age 18

JAPANESE VERSE

The pupils of the World Literature class experimented with Japanese poetic forms, the hokku and the tanka. The hokku is an unrhymed, three lined stanza with 5,7,5 syllables respectively. The tanka, the older form, has two additional lines, with 7 and 5 syllables.

HOKKUS

AUTUMN

Winds blowing crisply
Throw colored leaves on the ground;
Now autumn has come.
Wellington Grimes, age 16

SADNESS

The willows look sad,
They look down to the soft earth,
As if in despair.
Esther Goodwin, age 16

THE SUN

The sun in the sky
Which makes the lovely flowers
Shines on us below.
Betty Lindegren, age 16

LIFE IS SHORT

The flowers of spring
Blooming in the bright sunshine
Soon wither away.

HAPPY THOUGHTS

Stars up in the skies
Try to talk to us below,
Wishing happy days.
Olive Lockwood, age 15

EVENING THOUGHTS

The night was coming;
The day had been most tedious;
Rain had fallen fast.
Ruth Shuart, age 14

AUTUMN TIME

The squirrels are scurrying;
Hickory nuts fall to the ground;
The birds have flown south.

The cold west winds blow;
The dry leaves come tumbling down;
Winter will soon arrive.

Edward Knapp, age 16

The wind is blowing;
A storm is coming.
Clouds rise up in the heavens;

All is still 'round him,
Slight winds, they now softly blow;
A poet is thinking.
Shirley Seamans, age 14

The moon's silver beams,
Flood earth with silver shadows;
Night is beautiful.
Elizabeth Everett, age 16

The trees now let fall
With much reluctance their leaves,
Bringing signs of winter.
Robert Lodge, age 15

The ship as it rolled
Rode the rough waves of the sea,
On and on through fog.
Mary Power, age 15

SMOKE

Ascending to clouds—
Forming transparent figures—
Vanishing on high.
Margaret Olds, age 16

Leaves steadily falling,
While school bells peal forth their
call,
Saying, "Summer Gone."
Virginia Young, age 15

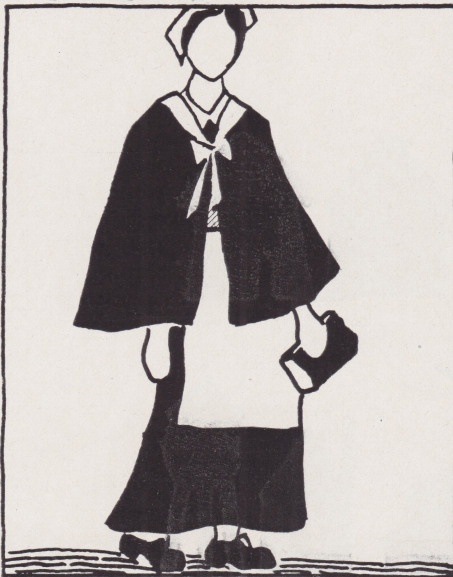
CREATIVE EXPRESSION



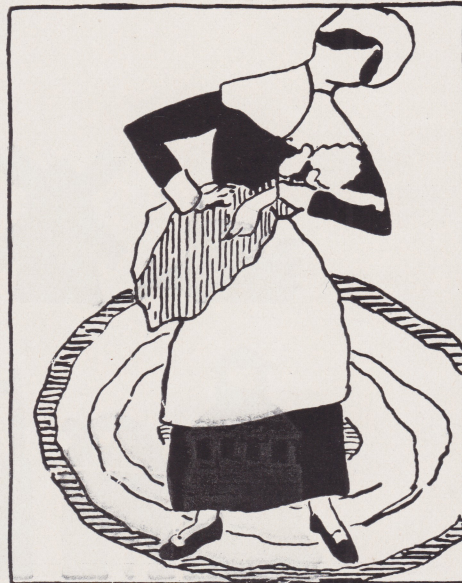
Mildred Knapp, age 14



Enid Farrier, age 13



Rolanda Boland, age 14



Laverne Blattenburger, age 14

COSTUME DESIGN

FOOTBALL

Second series, hip!
Ball back, around the end—pass!
He's over. Touchdown!

—
The roar of traffic—
The squealing of auto brakes—
Crash! an accident.
Robert Brundage, age 15

—
The leaves are falling
Down upon a grassy bed;
There they shall remain.

—
The sky is very dark;
The rain now falls heavily;
A blue day for all.
Ioma McCraight, age 16

THE RIVER

—
The river is black.
Its current flows swiftly by
On and on through time.
Jane Kennedy, age 15

THE DESERT

The desert is lone,
The buzzards swoop round and round
Naught but sand, sand, sand.
Nancy Ann Miller, age 15

—
Summer birds have gone;
Autumn leaves cover the ground,
As winter draws near.
Wayne Spike, age 15

TANKAS

CALL OF THE HUNT

October fifteenth;
The bark of a hunter's dog—
Roar of his shotgun—
Whir of wings,—a flash of fur—
The hunt is over.
Wayne Spike, age 15



Lynn Holly, age 14

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

LIFE

Long years come and go;
Man, born to live and die, is
Happy when peace reigns,
Sorrowful when life goes wrong,
But keeps faith always.

Jane Kennedy, age 15

LOVE

Casting fairest beams—
Lightening hearts with happiness—
Waiting with expectation—
Shattering high hopes—
Joyousness of love!

Jane Wortley, age 15

AUTUMN

The beautiful day
Made us want to come out doors
And hear rustling leaves
Falling far down from the trees
To the ground below.

Betty Lindegren, age 16

AUTUMN DAYS

The sun is shining;
The day is bright and restful;
The birds are singing;
All colored leaves are falling
For autumn is near.

Ruth Shuart, age 14

Life seems a queer road
As one daily goes onward;
Some are glad, happy;
But others sad and lonely,
Changing as they go.

Mary Power, age 15

Tired as a dog—
Much home work to accomplish—
Do not work at all;
Go to bed and read till one.
Procrastination!

When the wind is cold
The leaves are red and yellow.
Mother Nature rules.
The world shall become colder;
The wild beasts shall hide.

Roger Heath, age 17

MOUNTAINS

The mountains are high,
Their peaks are covered with snow;
We climb to the top,
Higher, still higher, up, up,
To see the sun set.

Nancy Ann Miller, age 15

When the day is done
And night comes softly stealing,
One by one the stars
Gleam in the darkened heavens,
Guiding the traveler.

Elizabeth Everett, age 16

Swiftly days pass by;
The leaves change from green to
brown;
Winter will come soon;
All nature makes a slow change.
Thus pass the seasons.

Robert Lodge, age 15



Thomas Jefferson, age 11

ALUMNI VERSE

FAME

Onward, upward, soaring, undefeat-
ed,
Seemingly forever it floats on high;
But presently the lights of glory dim;
Efforts to make them glow steadily
Are lost in a surge of contempt
As someone new, someone young,
With courage and strength still un-
born
Begins the struggle to realization
Of dreams, and hopes, and happier
days,
While the old, and the famous,
Fall back into obscurity.

Luella Parrish, Class of '32

TO MY FATHER

The shadows of the fireplace strange-
ly mold
Their flickering pattern on the
dreary wall:
From out the deeps of red and bur-
nished gold
Come vagrant dreams that o'er my
spirit fall.
For I was wearied of the toilsome
stream,
And I was lonely and depressed in
mind—
As formless as the fitful shades might
seem
To other eyes, my eager gaze defined
A well-loved face I knew.

Dear kindly eyes, where understand-
ing dwells,
And faith and love keep tryst with
God and man,
Dear lips, whose smile in blessed as-
surance wells
From heart none nobler since the
world began,
I know you well; I love you still.

Surcease of sorrow, dear, you give to
me,
Your eyes teach patience with each
new despair;
Fled grief and pain from out my
memory—
And all because your smile was radi-
ant there.

At last the firelight fades, the flames
once bright
Sink low, and o'er the curious lanes
of light
Upon the wall, your face grows faint-
er, disappears;
But now I cannot grieve, my unshed
tears
Are new-blown roses down my mem-
ory's lane
Where I may wander oft to see again
Your eyes, your smile, dear heart—
your face.

Mary Louise Bulkeley, Class of '32

THE OCEAN'S SECRETS

If I could have but one lone wish
The good genii would give to me,
I would wish to explore the bottom
of the sea;
For there I would dive
And delve without fear
Of some sea beast ending my career.
My motive is as simple as this verse:
To explore remains of pirate ships
And seek out the fleet of Odysseus.
From these I'd find the spoils of
treasure,
Heaped in caskets and casks iron
bound
Scattered on the decks and all
around.

What would I do with it?
Why I would take it home, of course.

John Munger, Class of '32

FRENCH VERSE

MES AMIES

J'ai eu beaucoup d'amies.
Je leur souvent dit.
J'ai joué avec elles
Pour elles ont été belles.

Nous lisons ensemble
Nous marchons pour rendre
Chez moi pour y trouver
Tout ce qu'il y a manger.

Nous mangeons et mangeons
Et puis, nous nous couchons
Quand le matin nous trouve
Nos mamans nous reprovent.

Catherine Ellen Pittman,
2nd year French

LA NEIGE

La belle neige est tombé;
Le monde a été blanc
Lorsque je suis monté
En tramway pour Grand Blanc.
Quand je suis arrivé;
Tous les petits garçons
Et des filles jettait
Des grands boules de neige ronds.

Maxine Merryfield,
2nd year French

DES FEES

Un jour j'ai décidé à aller
Au bois et au pré
Et enfin quand j'y suis arrivé
J'ai vu tant de fées.
Quelques de ces fées, elles ont parlé
Des chansons chantées
Après ces chansons elles ont diné.
Puis elles ont dansé.

Betty Bell Pooler,
2nd year French



Betty Bazley, age 12



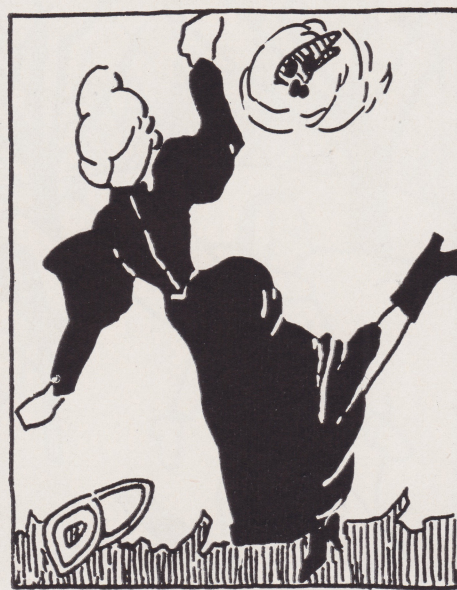
Laverne Blattenburger, age 14



Jean Moran, age 14



Ruth Foster, age 14



Enid Farrier, age 14

COSTUME DESIGN

PLAYS

THE LITTLE WILD FLOWER

Scene I—Summer in the Forest

(A large tree from whose trunk a child's face peers. A flower in blossom grows at his feet.)

Tree: Good morning, little flower.

Flower: Good morning, kind tree.

Tree: Who put you here, little flower?

Flower: The wind brought me here.

Tree: Why did you pick out this place to grow?

Flower: I thought you would shelter me from the burning sun and the cold wind.

Tree: I shall, little flower, I shall.

(Enter a group of children laughing and talking.)

First Child: Here's a pretty flower. Let's pick it.

Second Child: Let's not pick it now. Let's wait until next summer and see what happens.

All the Children: Yes, yes.

(Exit the children.)

Flower: Oh! I thought I was going to be picked.

Tree: So did I. Sh- Here come the autumn brownies.

Flower: What are they going to do to me? I am so frightened.

Tree: Don't be afraid, little flower. They are just going to change your hat. They will take your pretty pink one and put a brown one on you.

(Enter brownies dancing to brownie music played off stage. One brownie in the course of the dance removes flower's pink hat and places a brown one on her head. Brownies exit.)

Tree: How do you like your new brown hat?

Flower: I liked my pink hat better.

Tree: You wait and you will see what will happen. It will soon be winter.

Flower: What will happen to me then?

Tree: The winter fairies will come and cover you and me and everything with a soft white blanket. Here come the winter fairies now.

(The winter fairies come dancing softly in their white costumes and scattering snowflakes as they come. Music back stage. The little flower sinks down to earth and sleep. The winter fairies exit as the curtain closes on Scene I.)

Scene II—Same as Scene I except around the root of the tree cluster many little mounds which begin to rise as Spring and her fairy attendants enter dancing gaily. Upon the head of each little flower, for flowers they were, clustered about the tree, the fairies place a brightly colored cap. The flowers are left in full blossom as Spring leaves the stage.

Tree (awakening): See all these lovely blossoms about my feet, little flower!

Flower: We are here because the children left us and did not pick us.

Tree: I wish all the children in the world would leave the wild flowers and not pick them.

Flower: Maybe they will.

Tree: Why don't you ask them?

(She steps to the front of the stage and addresses the audience.)

Flower: How many of you will promise to never pick the wild flowers?

Sam Clark, age 7 years, made the story from which
the First Grade developed the play

A WILLING HEART

Adapted by the Third Grade from a story in "Pathway to Reading"
published by Silver Burdett

Scene: An autumn day in a forest glen.

Characters: Fiddler, Red Cap, Squirrels, Birds, Fairy Queen, Queen's Maids, Fairies.

(A fiddler wandering through the forest)

Fiddler: How cold it is! If it were only spring! I have walked and walked. I can find no more berries.

(Sits on an old log.)

I am so tired.

(Birds fly across the stage.)

Fiddler: Even the birds are flying south. What is that rustling sound I hear in the bushes?

(Squirrels scamper through the bushes.)

Squirrels: There are no berries, but the nuts are ripe.

Fiddler: You dear little squirrels. You know how hungry I am. These nuts



PHOTO BY MENZI

THE FAIRY DANCE IN "THE WILLING HEART"

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

are too hard. I cannot crack them.

Squirrels: We'll crack them for you.

Fiddler: These are better than berries.

Squirrels: We will gather more nuts for you.

(Red Cap enters looking for someone to play a waltz for the fairies.)

Red Cap: Good evening, kind friend. We have made a feast for our friend, the Queen, and we want someone to play a waltz for us. Will you play for us?

Fiddler: Oh, sir, I am so sorry, but my fiddle and I are too old for that sort of thing. People are glad to give me a penny or two and let me go on my way.

Red Cap: If you will only play with a willing heart, you'll play well enough for us. I'll call the Fairy Queen.

Red Cap: Oh Queen, this kind friend says that he will play for us.

(The Fairy Queen dances over to the Fiddler who kneels with bowed head as she waves her wand over him.)

Fairy Queen: Willing heart, you shall have a willing hand. From this night on you shall play as well as you played for us. This is our gift to you in return for your kindness to us.

Fairies (As they dance off, they wave their hands): Good night, Willing Heart; Good-night; Good-night.

*Music and words written by the children of the Third Grade.

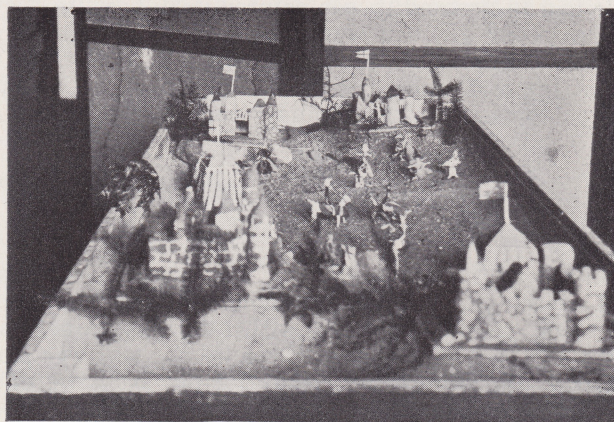
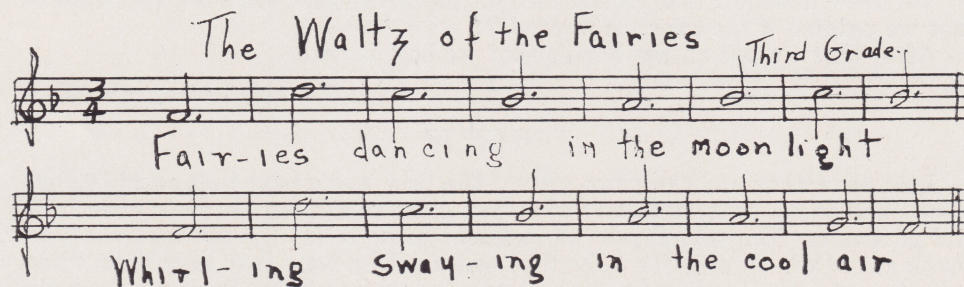


PHOTO BY MENZI

SAND TABLE CONSTRUCTION—FRESH AIR ROOM

"SIF'S GOLDEN HAIR"

HOW WE HAPPENED TO PRESENT THE PLAY OF

The first term of school we were studying Norway and Sweden in our Social Studies class. We learned that the people of these countries engaged in lumbering and fishing as far back as in the days of the Vikings. We were shown some pictures of Valhalla and the gods, also some of Thor and his chariot. Then we read the story of "Sif's Golden Hair." Our class decided that we would like to have a Norwegian Christmas. We planned to have a feast hall, or Valhalla, and show the scene in which Thor makes his complaint against Loki and later receives his magic hammer. After we had planned and practiced our play we thought we would like to present it to the elementary grades. Invitations were sent to the grades and the children of the Kindergarten were warned not to be frightened when the gnomes appeared in the underground scene.

Marie L. Wright, age 10

HOW WE MADE OUR SHIELDS

We took a piece of cardboard about two feet square, then we cut it in the shape of a shield.

We drew a design that looked nice on the shield and when we had finished that we painted it the color we wanted it.

After that we put on the handle that we held it with.

Richard Gehring, age 10

THE GIFTS

Loki gave Thor and Odin two gifts. The first was a boat that could be folded as small as you wanted it, and when you came to a river you could open it up and go across. The second gift was a spear made to hit the mark every time. Brock gave Odin three gifts. The first was a golden boar that gave light wherever it went. For the boar we had a black and white plaster Paris pig from the meat market. We had to pretend it was painted gold, because they would not let us paint it. The second gift was a gold ring, that every ninth night would give forth nine golden rings having the same power as itself. For the ring we used an old curtain ring and painted it gold. The third gift was a hammer so powerful that it would crush mountains and return to the hand. A real hammer was used.

Helen Louise Walton, age 10

THE GADFLY

In the play, "Sif's Golden Hair," a gadfly was needed to be used as a disguise for Loki. We had a black gadfly which we knew would not show in the dark of the underground scene, so we painted it with luminous paint. After it was painted we hung it in the window to dry because the sun was also needed to make it shine. When we were getting ready for our play, we put the gadfly on a long string. Two boys pulled the gadfly up to bite Brock. It looked very real.

Catherine Sherman, age 11

POTTERY

The boys and girls of the Fifth Grade had been studying Norway so they thought they would like to make some Norwegian pottery. Miss Eddy gave each of us a piece of clay. With this we made a bowl. We smoothed it and modeled it into the shape we liked. Some were in the shapes of Viking boats, others were round, oblong, and square. After we had smoothed them we put them on the window sill to dry. After they had stood about two days we painted them. We used one color for the inside and another for the outside. The colors were black, yellow, red, green, blue, orange, and lavender. That is how we made our pottery. In the olden days the Vikings used clay horn bowls for their mead cups.

Peggy Frances Burke, age 11

COSTUMES

We dressed the Valkyrie in brownie suits, with leggings and straps around their legs. They carried swords and shields. Odin had an armor costume with little metal discs all over it. He had a big purple cape with yellow lining. The girls made their own costumes out of cheese cloth. The fallen hero wore tights, a purple blouse, and a belt. He, too, used a sword and shield. Loki had on a brownie suit with a blue blouse and an orange head band. Thor was appropriately costumed in a purple cape and a helmet. Sif had a long pink dress with large sleeves and wore a silver band on her hair. Sindri and Brock wore brownie suits and false faces.

Mary Jefferson, age 9

THE PILLARS

We brought plain pillars from the old training school. We did not want them white so we painted a design which Miss Hawkins drew with charcoal for she was our art teacher at that time. We chose colors that would go nicely with our background. These were blue, burnt red, yellow and brown. We also painted the top and bottom of the pillars yellow. In our design there were dragon's claws, painted blue, and at the top there were big eyes. The center was blue and the background was red. In one of the pillars there was something that looked like a feather that we painted blue. We used the pillars for decorations.

Ruth Heath, age 10

ODIN'S THRONE

Our class decided that a throne was needed for the feast hall. I was asked to make a chair because I work well in the manual training class. After Mr. Lappinen, my instructor, consented to help me, I made my plans. A picture in an illustrated book about Valhalla gave me an idea from which I planned the throne. Mr. Lappinen helped me to make it. The rounded back was made of plywood, the sides and seat of white pine. After it was made, it was painted in colors to match the pillars.

Jack Ottaway, age 12

THE HILLCREST

HOW I MADE MY KNIFE

First I took a piece of paper and made my plans. I traced them on a piece of wood and sawed out the knife. I took a plane to make the edges sharp. After I had finished I sandpapered it smooth. This is the way my knife was made.

Lloyd Schultz, age 10

AN EMERGENCY CASE

In the second scene (underground where the gnomes live), there were several things missing, the hammer, iron, and ring. When the scene was nicely started we saw no iron in back of the stage so we had to pretend that we had it. Then somebody said that they didn't have the hammer and ring. Jack Ot-taway went back to the room to get the hammer. Virginia Southard gave them her bracelet for the golden ring. Jack arrived with the hammer just in time for the third act. No one in the audience noticed that the things were missing.

Marie Wright, age 10

THE SONG

The song that the Fifth Grade sang in the Viking Play was composed by the Sixth Grade while they were in the Fifth Grade. We also used a cardboard harp to make the music.

Warren Dusbiber, age 10

ANNOUNCEMENT

A long time ago the Vikings believed there was a place called Valhalla in which the gods lived.

There were three Kingdoms, one of which was Asgard. It meant god's-yard or what we call heaven. Midgard meant middle-yard. It is now called earth. Utgard meant out-yard, where the frost giants lived.

One day when the gods were walking they became so lonesome that they decided to people the earth. First they found some clay, and made some gnomes which Odin thought not fit to live on the earth. He condemned the gnomes to live under the earth. So they burrowed down under the earth. The gnomes found diamonds, emeralds, rubies, gold, silver, iron, and copper. Soon they became expert workmen and made magic gifts for the gods.

Next the gods made elves and fairies, but they were so light and airy that the gods decided to have them live in the air between Asgard and Midgard. Odin gave them wings to fly around in the air and go down to Midgard and up to Asgard.

Next the gods made people like themselves. When they came to an elm tree and an ash tree, they changed the ash tree into the image of a man. The gods then bestowed upon him sight, intelligence, warm blood and flesh. They named the man "Ask." Then the gods changed the elm tree into a woman and bestowed upon her the same things as they had the man. They named the woman "Embla."

The Valkyrie are women warriors that went down to Midgard on the battlefield to bring up the fallen heroes. The story of "Sif's Golden Hair" tells how Loki almost lost his head, and how Thor obtained his magic hammer.

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

"SIF'S GOLDEN HAIR"

Scene I—Place, Valhalla; Time, Viking days. Thor makes his complaint against Loki.

Scene II—Place, Utgard; Time, Viking days. Where the gnomes lived. Sindri, Brock's brother, makes the three magic gifts.

Scene III—Place, Valhalla; Time, Viking days. Loki plays his trick.
June Aptekar, age 9

Messenger	-----	Peggy Burke
Odin	-----	Robert Yoder
Valkyrie	-----	Betty Heise
Fallen Hero	-----	Jack Ottaway
Skald	-----	Warren Dusbiber
Thor	-----	William Wing
Sif	-----	Betty Tunncliffe
Loki	-----	Robert Magee
Brock	-----	Lawrence Gale
Sindri	-----	Norval Wright

(A knock at the door)

Messenger (bowing): Odin.

Odin: Speak, Messenger.

Messenger: The Valkyrie is at the gate with a fallen hero from the battlefield of Norway.

Odin: Bring them in.

Valkyrie: This fallen hero has come from the battlefield of Norway.

Odin: How were you killed?

Fallen Hero: I fought an ordinary battle, sir.

Valkyrie: He fought more than one against him.

Odin: Then give him a place at the back of the hall until he has proved a worthy hero.

Court: Welcome to Valhalla.

Odin: Skald, Skald (Skald runs around back of throne).

Skald: What do you want of me now?

Court: Welcome to Valhalla.

Skald (singing):

Norway with her ragged edge.

Stands with many a rocky edge;

Rocks so big, so large and small

That's why Norway is so tall.

In that country by the sea

Fishing is an industry.

In her forest tall and green

Many lumbermen are seen.

(Song repeated by all gods and goddesses)

THE HILLCREST

Odin: Thank you, Skald, for that wonderful song.
Thor: Odin.
Odin: Yes, Thor.
Thor: I have a complaint to make.
Odin: What about?
Thor: Loki stole Sif's hair.
Sif: Just feel, it is only made of gold.
Odin: It is valuable, isn't it?
Thor: But yet I'm not satisfied.
Odin: Did you steal Sif's hair?
Loki: Yes I did, but, see, I have given her finer hair. Oh, see what I have here! This I give to you, Thor.
Thor: What good is this little boat?
Loki: You can fold it up and put it in your pocket.
Thor: What good is a boat in your pocket?
Loki: Oh! But I haven't told you all yet. When you come to a stream you can unfold it as large as you please.
Thor: This is a fine gift.
Loki: See I haven't forgotten you, Odin.
Odin: Of what use is this spear?
Loki: No matter how badly it is thrown it always hits the mark.
Odin: This is a wonderful gift.
Brock: Those gifts are nothing. My brother Sindri can make better gifts than that.
Loki: That stupid slow working Sindri can't make anything.
Brock: All right, I'll make a wager that the one who makes three better gifts will have the other one's head.
Odin: Loki, do you agree?
Loki: Yes, I do.
Odin: Then it is a bargain. Off with you both.



PHOTO BY MENZI

VALHALLA—SCENE FROM "SIF'S GOLDEN HAIR"

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

ACT II

In an underground cave. Sindri is an ugly gnome and Brock, his brother, is an ugly gnome too. Sindri whistles while he works the bellows to keep the fire hot in the forge. Brock appears in great anger.

Sindri: What's up?

Brock: That wily Loki is up to his tricks again.



Sindri: What has he done now?

Brock: We made a wager that might cause me my head.

Sindri: What! Cause you your head. What kind of a wager did you make?

Brock: That wily Loki gave two petty gifts to Odin and Thor. One was a boat that could be folded up to be put in one's pocket and the other one was a spear that would hit the mark. We made a wager that the one who made the three better gifts would have the other one's head.

Sindri: We will have Loki's head hanging in this cave. Here take these bellows, and whatever you do don't let the fire go out, I'll put this pig-skin in the forge.

Brock: All right.

(Sindri disappears out of the room leaving Brock alone.)

(A big gadfly flies into the room and bites Brock.)

Brock: Ouch! That must be that wily Loki in disguise of a gadfly.

(Sindri appears.)

Sindri: "Hocus, Pocus," bring forth

a golden boar. This golden boar will fly and show golden light.

Sindri: You keep these bellows going and whatever you do don't let the fire go out. I'll put this hunk of gold in the forge.

Brock: All right.

(Sindri disappears again and the gadfly flies in again.)

Brock: Ouch! There's that gadfly again.

(Sindri appears.)

Sindri: "Hocus, Pocus," Bring forth a golden ring, this ring on every ninth day will give nine rings like itself, each ring having the same power.

Brock: That is a very fine gift, that is better than the other.

Sindri: You keep the bellows going, and whatever you do don't let the fire get low, because this is the best gift of all.

Brock: Ouch! There's that gadfly again. (Brock stops to wipe blood from his eyes.) Now the fire is getting low.

(Sindri appears.)

Sindri: What is the matter? The fire is almost out.

THE HILLCREST

Brock: That wily Loki came in the disguise of a gadfly and bit me between the eyes, and I had to use one hand to wipe the blood from my eyes.

Sindri: Well, we'll hope no harm is done but——

Sindri: "Hocus, Pocus," Bring forth a hammer. Here it is. There isn't much the matter . . . only the handle is a little short, this hammer is the best gift of all. It will crush mountains, and will protect Asgard from the frost giants, and best of all will return to the hand of its master.

Brock: That is a very fine gift. Much better than the other ones. This should be given to Thor.

Sindri: Do not forget the powers of this boar.

Brock: This boar will fly and shed golden light wherever it goes.

Sindri: And don't forget the powers of this ring.

Brock: This golden ring every ninth night will give nine rings like itself, giving them the same powers.

Sindri: And be sure you don't forget the powers of this hammer.

Brock: This hammer will crush mountains and best of all will return to the hand of its master.

Sindri: Be off with you and bring back Loki's head.

(The curtain is lowered as Brock hurries away with the gifts.)

ACT III

Place: Valhalla

Time: Old Viking Days

(Odin on his throne and the court awaiting Brock.)

Odin: I wish Brock would hurry back.

Loki: O Brock's afraid to come back.

Messenger: Odin.

Odin: Speak, Messenger.

Messenger: Brock is at the gate.

Odin: Bring him in.

Brock: Odin, I have the gifts.

Odin: Show your gifts.

Brock: The first gift is a golden boar.

Loki: Of what use is that pig?

Odin: What is its value?

Brock: This boar will fly and show golden light.

Odin: This is a wonderful gift.

Skald: Well, where are its wings?

Brock: Here is the next gift.

Odin: What is it?

Brock: It is a powerful golden ring.

Odin: And what good is a ring to me?

Brock: On every ninth day it gives off nine rings like itself.

Odin: It is more valuable than the first.

Brock: This next gift is more important than either of those.

Odin: What is it?

Brock: It is a hammer.

Loki: It is a hammer.

Brock: This hammer will crush, and best of all, it will return to the master's hand.

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

Odin: This hammer I give to you, Thor.

Brock: Who has won?

Odin: Brock has won and shall have Loki's head.

Loki: You have to catch me first. (Loki runs out.)

Odin: Thor, go get Loki. (Thor goes out after Loki.)

Court: Every God keeps his promise.

Thor (coming in): Odin, I have brought Loki back.

Odin: Loki, Valhalla has had enough of your tricks. Brock is waiting your head and you are going to give it up now.

Loki: Oh, yes, you may behead me, but you mustn't touch my neck.
(Brock very angry as curtain comes down.)

THE END



Burdette Pillsbury, age 14

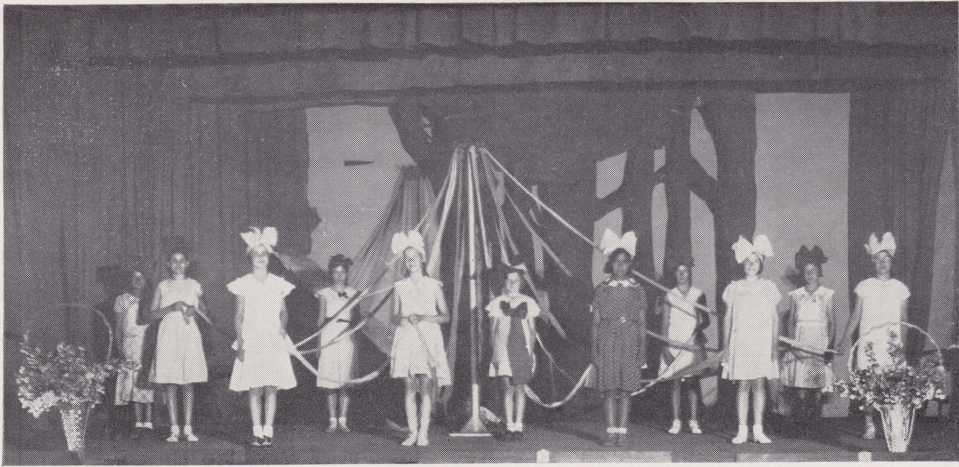


PHOTO BY MENZI

May Day Dance Presented by the Sixth Grade Girls of the Year 1931-32

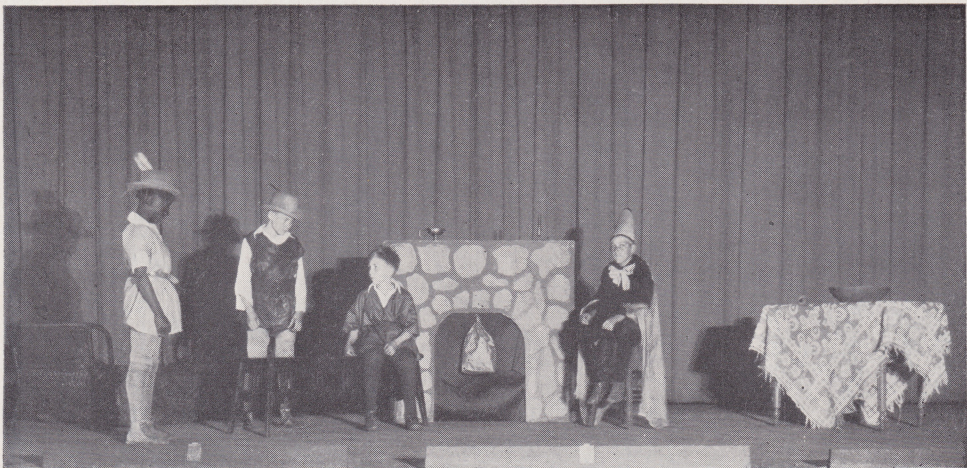


PHOTO BY MENZI

Scene from "The King of the Golden River," presented by the Sixth Grade children of the year 1931-32. Hans and Schwartz enter and find Gluck entertaining "The South-west Wind, Esquire."

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

NOTE—In preparing for an auditorium program, the sixth grade children decided to dramatize some interesting things they had found out about their Social Studies topic, "The Crusades." They made an outline listing the events to be portrayed, tried for parts, selected their characters, planned the stage setting, practiced the scenes, and presented the play before the rest of the school.

THE RETURN OF THE CRUSADERS

Play by Sixth Grade

Scene laid in a castle with a lord and lady seated on a dais, with court ladies and a page in attendance.

1. Entrance of a guard who tells of approaching travelers.
2. First stanza of "Crusaders' Hymn" sung by children off stage.
3. Travelers escorted to lord and lady by page.
4. Stories of their experiences in the Holy Land told by the Crusaders and Pilgrims.
 - a. Some high lights of the Third Crusade.
 - b. The death of Frederick of Germany.
 - c. The wealth and beauty of the Eastern cities.
 - d. The hardships of the journey.
 - e. Escape from prison.
5. Entrance of Blondel and a fellow minstrel.
6. Blondel's story about the capture of Richard.
7. Company of knights sent to ransom Richard by the lord.
8. An Arabian Nights story, "The Three Sisters," told by the second minstrel (story acted in pantomime in the back part of the stage).
 - a. Sultan and the Grand Vizier on a trip through the city hearing the sisters talk about their desire to marry the Sultan's baker, and cook, and the Sultan himself.
 - b. Sisters brought to Palace and wishes fulfilled.
 - c. Queen's children sent down the river by the wicked sisters, and rescued by the gardener.
 - d. Gardener building estate in the country for these children who have since grown up.
 - e. An old lady telling the Princess of the three rarities: the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water.
 - f. The efforts of the Princess to get these rarities, and their transformation to black stone.
 - g. The success of the Princess, and the return of the brothers to their natural state.
 - h. The visit of the Princess to the Sultan's palace.
 - i. The Sultan's visit to the estate, and his finding out that these young people are his own children.
9. Pleasure expressed by lord and lady in the story.
10. Singing of the "Crusaders' Hymn" by the entire grade.

PROSE

HAPPY COTTAGE

There was once a family of Dolls in Happy Cottage.
They have a bed and only two Dolls can go to bed at a time.
They have a rocking chair, fireplace, dresser, and a little bird cage.
They have quite a few children.
They have quite a hard time keeping track of them.
But they are quite good anyway.
They live happy because they have lots of things.
They live happy day and night.

Donna Parrish, age 7

THE HAPPY COTTAGE

We have a playhouse in our room. It has pretty curtains, the curtains are yellow with a little flower in the middle. I like the little bed with springs. The little bed is white. Every day the children come to school. They play in the playhouse. We have dollies. One is made of cloth. That is raggy Ann. She has a bracelet and beads.

Sally Smith, age 7



PHOTO BY MENZI

HAPPY COTTAGE, THE PLAY HOUSE OF THE SECOND GRADE

La Roses, des Alpes, Switzerland,
October 8, 1932

My dear Daddy:

This is our seventh day in Switzerland. The view from the clinic balcony is beautiful. . . . With the snow capped mountains in the distance, the scenery from here is certainly beautiful. . . . The snow is slowly creeping down the mountains. In the morning the clouds hide the mountains from view—later the sun peeps out and chases the clouds. . . . The cowbells ring steadily all day long. Little boys drive the cows up the mountains to eat. . . .

We were a little seasick the first day on the ocean, but after that we were all right. The Captain's night was a great success. When we came out of the dining room we had to step over pools of streamers, whistles, flags, and all that goes with a party. . . .

The country we saw from Havre to Paris was very beautiful. Every plot of land is cultivated. They must be wonderful farmers. Even their vegetable gardens are pretty. Their yards are lovely and the flowers are gorgeous. . . . Paris was just as I expected with big parks, English baby coaches, nurses with children dressed like pictures, rolling hoops. Juliette's mother took us to a big store where I bought myself some gloves. There was a large stained glass dome over the top of the store. . . .

Little French girls all wear gloves on the street so I had to be smart and buy a pair to wear myself. They carry their bread in stalks about a yard long. . . . We went through many long, dark tunnels, saw pretty streams with people fishing. . . .

Love,

Mary Steimle, age 8

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY CHUCK

By Thornton W. Burgess

This book tells why Johnny Chuck built a new home, and it tells about his first adventure with the old gray Chuck. It also tells how he taught his three little chucks to hide in the old stone wall when he whistled. That meant danger.

Raymond Wingrove, age 8

THE DAISY

One day as I was walking through a field, I saw a little daisy. I took it home and put it in water.

As I was watching it one day a little fairy appeared and looked at me. It said nothing to me and disappeared. Then, a little elf appeared and said nothing to me. Day after day I watched it, and sat by the window looking at the flowers.

All of a sudden, I heard something, but could not see anything. I looked at my daisy, and there stood a little fairy and a little elf. They were saying, "What is your wish, Harry?"

Joan Sturm, age 9

MY BOUQUETS FOR THE FLOWER EXHIBIT

I enjoyed making my bouquets for the flower show very much. I entered a bouquet of pink, lavender, and white cosmos in a large pink bowl. After I picked the cosmos I took them down into the basement. The next morning I arranged them in the bowl.

My second bouquet was made up of Japanese lanterns, Chinese money plant, and bitter sweet. I arranged them in a brown basket. I used orange and white for the colors in the bouquet.

The cosmos were awarded first prize and the winter bouquet was awarded third prize.

Ruth Darling, age 11

MY BOUQUET FOR THE FLOWER SHOW

My bouquet was on the wild flower table in class B. It was made of snapdragons, Queen Anne's lace, and wild sun flower. I got third prize which was a yellow ribbon.

The night before the flower show I went across the street and picked my wild flowers. I put them down in the basement.

The next morning I took them to school and took them to the art room.

Jerry Lamb, age 11

MOWGLI'S TRIP

After finishing the stories of Mowgli's Brother and Tiger, in Kipling's "Jungle Book," the children were asked to imagine what happened to Mowgli in the interval between his departure from the Jungle and his marriage. They put their thoughts on paper.

Two years later Mowgli was standing in the Jungle with twenty elephants. All were saying goodby to him. He is sixteen years old. The big steamer was near land; it was time for Mowgli to leave. He was headed for Spain. Mowgli is now on the boat. The elephants, wolves, dogs, wild cats, and other animals of the Jungle were crying. So was Mowgli. He was set to work at once. While Mowgli is working, I will tell you why he is going to Spain.

While Mowgli was the head of the wolf pack, Spain had been planning to conquer the Jungle and Africa. They had, and because Mowgli was so strong, they made him a slave.

Mowgli's boat is landing in Spain. There were great crowds on the docks waiting to buy some slaves. Mowgli was bought by Madame Back. He was taken by twenty streets before he reached the house. He was introduced to his new mistress. Mowgli was set to work carrying wood.

After a month he wrote a letter to the elephants. This is what it said.
Dear Elephants:

I can not stand it here any longer. Come as soon as you can. Mistress Marylen and I want to get married in the Jungle. I am going to make my money by singing. We dare not get married in Spain. I will be glad to get back to the Jungle. Do not be seen. Come at night. Mistress Marylen taught me how to sing. Come quick!

Mowgli

Now let us take a look at the elephants. Kala Nag is tearing the letter open. Now listen! Sish-ss-si. After Kala Nag had finished they decided to start at once. The elephants got two wild cats, two dogs, four wolves, and five monkeys and on a raft they flowed to Spain. The elephants and the other animals landed at night in the year 1723. All the animals stayed in a barn near the side of the city.

At twelve o'clock two days later they went through the city streets. They came to Mowgli's house. Mowgli and Marylen were sitting in a seventh story window. First the elephants lined up around the court yard. The dogs bit all the people that came by. The monkeys hung to a branch with their tails and with their hands they let Mowgli and Marylen down to the wild cats clinging to the tree trunk. The cats let them down to the elephants. With Mowgli and Marylen on Kala Nag they went rushing through the city. Back on their large raft they got. When they reached the Jungle Mowgli and Marylen were married by Baloo the bear. Although Baloo was a school teacher, he could be a preacher. Mowgli and Marylen traveled but that is another story to tell.

Vivian Anspach, age 11

A GOOD SURPRISE

One day I decided to make a cake, and went to the kitchen to look for a recipe. I picked one which called for sour cream and soda. In measuring the soda I misread the directions and used twice as much as I should have. When I realized what I had done, I asked mother what I should do. She said I would have to double the recipe. This I did.

Everything went fine until I accidently mixed some of the egg-yolk with the egg-white. By this time I was getting tired and discouraged, and thought it would be a fizzle anyway. I became angry at my hard luck and beat the dough as hard as I could. The recipe didn't call for spice, but I put some in anyway. I put in cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, allspice, and lemon and vanilla flavoring. Then I dumped it in the biggest pan I could find, and stuck it in the oven.

I found a book and started to read. In about a half-hour a delicious odor began to fill the house. Everybody exclaimed, "My, what smells so good?"

I went and looked at the cake, but I knew it wouldn't be good, even though it looked nice. When it was cool, I finally tasted it, expecting it to be bad. Imagine my surprise to find a delicious cake. That was a good surprise!

Kathalee Garrison, age 12

TWO INCHES TALLER

The day we came home from the farm my cousin and I were having it out about our heights. I had always supposed that I was about two inches taller than he, and he had thought the same about me.

We were arguing away and getting angrier all the time until finally we measured to see.

We went out on the porch and measured each other against the post. It turned out that we were just the same height. Ever since then we have kidded each other about it.

John Poe, age 13

A DIARY OF A SCHOOL BOY IN 1882

Monday, July 21—Today our schoolmaster gave me an awful scolding for playing truant last Friday. He made me go and sit in the corner all morning. At noon I ate my lunch and played a game of town ball. In the afternoon we had geography as usual, but when it came time for spelling I got nervous. The Master asked me to spell Mississippi and I left out three of the letters. He made me stay for two hours after school. When I got home my father, mother and brother were eating. I did not have much supper tonight. My mother is sending me to bed early.

Tuesday, July 22—Today nothing much happened in the morning. In the afternoon I could not tell the capital of our country and got put in the corner again. In spelling the master asked me to spell Mississippi again, and I got it right today. After school I went swimming and then went home to supper. I stayed up and played checkers with my brother until 8:30 and then went to bed.

Wednesday, July 23—I got to school 15 minutes late today and was made to write the word "tardy" on the blackboard 150 times. During reading class Johnny and I were allowed to go to the well and get some more water. At noon we played town ball again and our side lost. In the afternoon nothing exciting happened. After school my father made me hoe the potatoes. I ate a good supper and went to bed early because I was tired.

Thursday, July 24—Today Johnny, Paul, and I played truant. We took some food from our kitchens and went to the woods on the other side of Tucker's hill. In the morning we hid from each other behind trees and logs. In the afternoon we made crude shovels out of sticks and dug for Indian arrow heads. About three o'clock we started for home without any arrow heads. When I got home the master was there telling my mother that I had played truant. My mother made me go to bed without any supper.

Friday, July 25—Today the master punished me for playing truant by making me sing "Good Morning Dear Teacher" 25 times in front of the whole class. I was very embarrassed all the morning. In the afternoon he let all the pupils except me out an hour early. He made me stay and write "Truant" on the board 500 times. My mother was still mad with me and is making me go to bed early again.

Robert LaRue, age 13

ALFRED
WORTLEY

Alfred Wortley, age 12

THE ATTACK ON OUR FORT

It was 9 o'clock in the evening and we had all settled down for the night. The evening was hot and for that reason we couldn't go to sleep. It was as quiet as death except for the steady breathing of the family. Don, my brother, and I lay quiet and presently fell asleep.

About half an hour later I awakened with a start, then laughed at myself for being frightened by an owl's hoot. The hoot came again from the opposite direction, but in the middle it stopped and then started again! I knew at once it could not be an owl. Crawling outside with Don, I saw a shadow of a man with the war paint and feathers of an Indian. Going back to the house we awakened my father. He and mother dressed quickly while we went out to awaken the neighbors.

Presently the men and older boys were firing at the Indians, while the women and older girls helped pack the horses and wagons. The Indians were about ninety in number and were fighting so hard that they did not realize that some of the men and boys and women and children were escaping. We went out the back gate while the men fired to keep the Indians from getting us. Later they joined us in safety, farther in the woods.

Some men went back later to look at the fort and found it burned to the ground. It was a hard blow for us as we had everything ready for the winter but we are now building a new fort and hope to finish it before winter comes.

Alfred Wortley, age 13

A DREAM OF 2032 A. D.

One hot, sultry day in June I was studying General Science. The assignment covered planets and invention. Oh, how tiresome this was. I dug deeper but it only made me feel tired and drowsy.

I must have fallen asleep, for I was awakened in a few minutes by the rustling of leaves. A few feet ahead of me stood a man who closely resembled a wizard. I could tell by the surprised look on his face that he had made a mistake.

"Oh, sorry to have disturbed you, but could you tell me where the Hogenbrook farm is?" he said, apologetically.

"Yes, I have been by the place several times. I cannot understand why you would want to visit that rickety-rackety farmhouse though," I replied.

"I am afraid that I cannot explain the situation, but if you are interested you may come along."

I agreed enthusiastically, so we climbed into a strange looking automobile and were off.

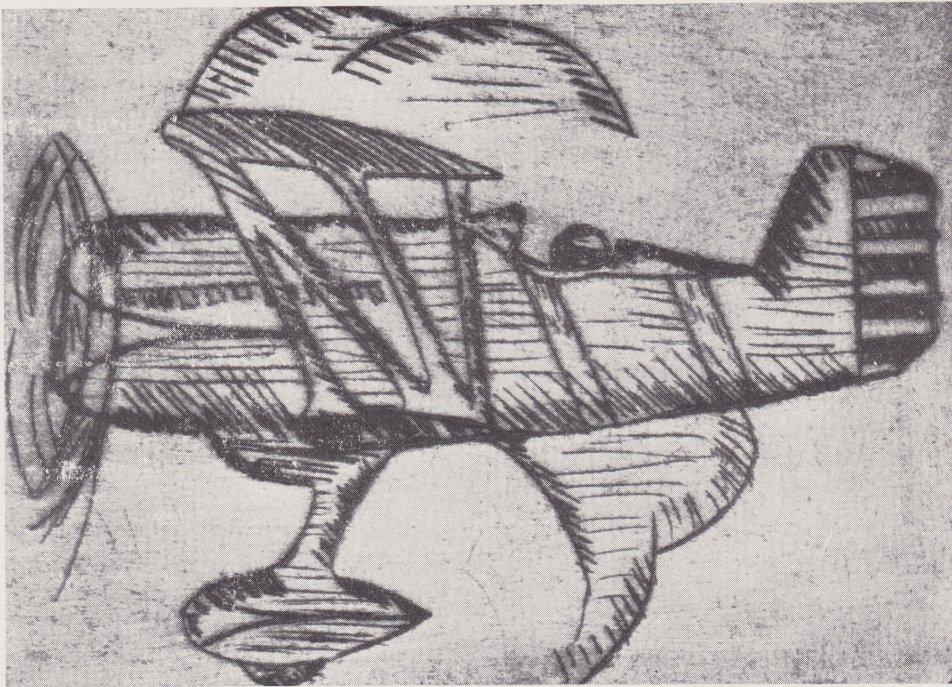
When we arrived at our destination, the queer, little man walked up to the cellar door and knocked quickly four times. The door was opened instantly by a Japanese servant. We were admitted into a warm and evil smelling basement.

A short dark man greeted my companion but gazed doubtfully at me.

"The young lady merely showed me the way," the man addressed as Seminole explained.

"That is quite all right," said the inventor, "make yourself at home and look around."

As the men conversed in guarded tones, I took note of my surroundings. The basement was very much like a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" laboratory, with stacks of instruments, shelves of experimental compounds, and complex machinery of all kinds. The walls were paneled in oak, the ceiling heavily beamed for pulleys, and the floor solidly build of heavy lumber.



Glen Dusbiber age 13

PRESS BOARD ETCHING

"Will you show my companion some of your work?" asked Seminole.

"With pleasure. Come this way," he answered, leading the way through a narrow passage into a large high-ceilinged room.

Standing upright in a steel frame was a strange machine resembling a sky-rocket. We entered the lower compartment which was filled with many tubes.

"This is my rocket chamber," said Dilmote. "Rockets are fired to propel this ship until it overcomes the pull of gravity. After this we coast toward the nearest planet with terrific speed."

The plane was air-tight, with plate glass windows two inches thick. An oxygen generating machine occupied one-half the control room.

"Isn't Mr. Piccard attempting the same thing?" I asked.

Mr. Dilmote looked with surprise, "Piccard has been dead nearly one hundred years. He only succeeded in studying the stratosphere twenty miles from the earth."

"What is this?" Seminole asked, pointing toward a beautiful stream-lined machine. It looked like an automobile in many ways.

"This car is designed to run along the ocean bottom," said Dilmote, "by merely dropping the tractor treads when under water."

"I should think the rough bottom would bother you," I said, thinking of the wrecks and weeds.

"Not much for soon we will have definite cleared roads as on land, but until then by the aid of powerful searchlights we can keep out of the way of troublesome debris.

"What advantage does this have over boats?"

"It is never rough or stormy at the bottom and greater speed can be maintained."

"Come on, Frances, wake up, supper's ready."

I awoke to find Mother calling me. I was very sorry to leave the interesting Mr. Dilmote.

Frances McDaid, age 14

ALGEBRA vs. ENGLISH

This is what I think my Algebra and English book would say if they should come to life.

"Mr. Algebra, what do you think of your master?"

"Oh, I like him quite well, and he seems to like me. He likes the first part of me all right, but wait until he sees what is in the last part of me. I go home with him sometimes. At night he opens me up and starts working my problems. When he finds a hard one, he doesn't treat me so well. I think he likes me, and I know I like him."

"Mr. English, how do you like your master?"

"Well, I have a different story to tell than you. He doesn't like me as well as he might. Sometimes he looks at me, and wonders how a little book like me can have so much in it. He takes me home so often, that I would be disappointed, if I had to stay in his locker all night. If he thinks the first part of me is hard, wait until he sees the last part of me. But I have seen other English books get along worse than he and I do."

"Well, it is time for us to be going to sleep, and we will see how he treats us in the morning."

Lyle Atchinson, age 14

VOCATIONS

During my short span of years, I have considered more vocations than I can remember:

My earliest ambition was to become a pirate. The thought of sailing the Spanish Main amid a storm of battle fought with cannons and swords made me wish that the long number of years which stood between them and the time when I would be grown up, would fly swiftly by without being noticed. I didn't know what the Spanish Main was, but I knew it was in some way connected with pirates. I finally found that pirating was unlawful, so after thinking it over I decided it would be better to join the marines.

After seeing a circus I thought I would be a performer, but when I nearly broke my neck in trying to do a gymnastic stunt, I decided that if I wanted a position in a circus it would have to be as animal keeper.

My next idea of a suitable vocation was that of being a lawyer but after getting scared to death, while giving a recitation in school, I thought I wouldn't go very far when it came to arguing in a courtroom.

There have been many other ambitions which have attracted me, but right now I am too busy to consider deeply what I am going to be.

Frank Wood, age 14

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A FOOTBALL

There I was sitting in the window of a large department store puffed up with pride, and who wouldn't be when every boy in the neighborhood came and gazed long minutes at me and my companions.

Presently along came Coach Walker. Seeing me and my companions, he walked in. "I'd like to look at that football in the window."

"That one! Yes, that's a very good football," replied the clerk.

Soon I found myself under the coach's arm. Arriving at the field I was tossed into the field to a waiting player.

"Wow! What a pass." "Don't you wish you could fly." These were the exclamations which I heard.

"Here I go up in the air from a kick." "Hey!" "You can't hurt me. I'm as tough as you are any day."

"Bang! Life is very sad; here I am 'broke' and of no use."

Leslie Carey, age 15

EXPLANATION OF ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATIONS

The social studies of the Fourth and Fifth Grades has motivated in the art classes the construction of wall friezes for the grade rooms. These friezes, twenty-seven inches wide, extend around the room above the blackboard. The medium is colored chalk upon brown wrapping paper.

In the Fourth Grade the scenes pictured are from Egyptian, Palestine and Greek life, while in the Fifth Grade the friezes picture various phases of life in the North European countries, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, France.

The work was preceded by a study of action figures, the children constructing jointed figures of cardboard properly proportioned, which served as models for many different illustrations. Books, picture folios, and descriptive reading furnished information for costumes and architectural and geographic settings. The compositions were of the children's own conception and composition, as well as execution.

The illustrations on the following page show first, a part of the Fourth Grade frieze about life in Palestine. The three small pictures are preliminary studies in colored crayon for the friezes, and the lower picture shows two scenes from the Dutch section of the Fifth Grade frieze.

M. H.

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

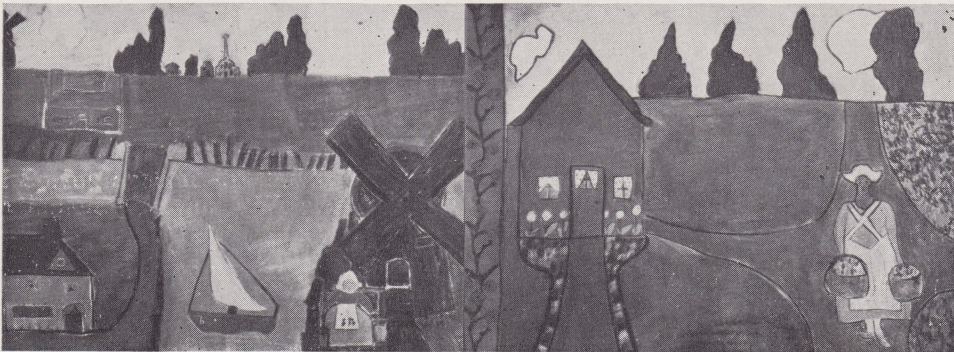
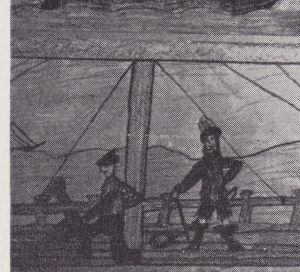
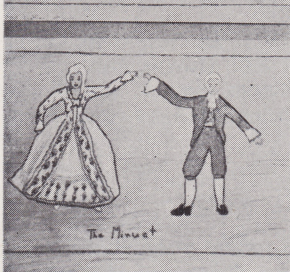
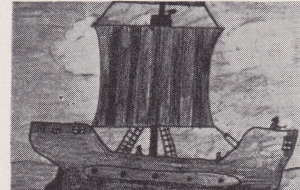
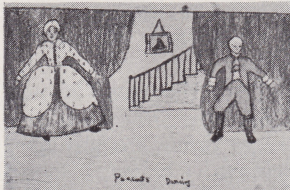


PHOTO BY MENZI

FRIEZES, FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES

THE AU SABLE RIVER

I have never visited a more attractive spot than the bluffs on the banks of the Au Sable River. The country along the river is all heavily wooded, and on one side bluffs a hundred feet high rear abruptly from the water's edge, while on the opposite side a wooded plain stretches as far as the eye can reach.

At one point on the river is what is known as the Rollaways. It gets its name from the practice of old lumberjacks who rolled huge logs down the bluffs to end with a loud splash in the water far below.

A few miles down the river can be seen the picturesque large Springs. Here the visitor is compelled to descend a stairway of two hundred steps to reach the cool, shady glen in which the springs trickle musically on their way to join the main stream of the Au Sable.

The dams are an important part of the river, for from these dams come a tremendous amount of electrical power used all over this part of our state. One of these, the Five Channels Dam, I visited and was permitted to see the powerful dynamos inside that make one feel very insignificant indeed, while the thundering rush of water through the huge gates is a spectacle well worth seeing.

Near the new lumbermen's Memorial Monument is part of the river known as Deadman's Bend and Horseshoe Island. On the south shore at this point is a huge sand bank at least a hundred feet high. Once you start down the slippery sand, the chances are ten to one you'll "end up" in the river. I know, I found that out!

There is an old Indian legend connected with the river. It runs something like this: "He who drinks of the waters of the Au Sable will always return."

Thomas Matzen, age 15

A few days after this was written, Thomas put the same thoughts into verse form, and we have included it under that division of the book.

AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?

This year in June thousands of students, who have asked themselves this question, "After Graduation, What?" will be graduated from our American schools. This is not a new question as nearly every student, who has attended school at all, has thought of this problem somewhere along the line of his education.

There are various ages at which this important choice is made. If you ask any small child what he wants to be when he grows up, you will probably get the answer, "policeman or nurse." In my younger days I wanted to be a policeman very much; in fact I thought nothing could be better than walking up and down the street in a beautiful blue uniform with shining new buttons and a big badge. Since then my opinion has changed.

I believe that it is a very good thing to make one's choice of work early so that one may shape his education to realize his ambition. However, I do not suggest that the choice be made during the first two years of high school. I say this because I am of the opinion that after entering high school, a person comes in contact with different things that may have an effect on his decision. It is not a good thing to get set on one thing but to have several in mind; so that by the time a person is half through high school, he should have thinned out his selections to one or two.

Conditions have changed a great deal in the last few years, making the choice of an occupation more difficult than ever. Life is becoming more complex and it is difficult to find an occupation that has not a crowded field. A few years ago the choosing of one's life work was comparatively easy because most of the boys followed their father's footsteps and entered whatever line of work he was engaged in. The girls usually stayed at home for a year or two after graduation, or until they could find someone to marry them. This is not the case today; times have changed and so have the ambitions of the youth. The youth of today are not content to follow their parent's footsteps but want to make names for themselves in different fields. The sons want to enter medicine, or law—something that will give them a place of prominence in the society that they enter. The girls like to get out in the world and get a job so that they can feel more independent.

Thus we have been able to see through a few examples how times have changed greatly the choosing of one's life work. This means that the selection should be made more carefully and should be given more thought. By the time students reach their last year in high school they should be able to answer satisfactorily this question, "After Graduation, What?"

William Bazley, age 16

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

What is patriotism? This is an eternal question asked by many. However, few ever bother to rack their brains to find their own ideas on this subject. Generally speaking, the people of a country, when questioned, will reply, "It is devotion to one's country."

Personally, I do not think patriotism lies alone in standing when one hears his national anthem played, saluting when one sees his native flag on high, or enlisting when his country enters a war. Rather, it more behooves one to live each day doing his best to make his country a better place in which to live. Each voter has his golden opportunity to help out when he goes to the polls on election day. Should he vote a straight Republican ticket because he is a Republican, or should he vote for the persons who are best fitted to lead the country?

Avoiding war is more vital than helping out after it is entered. Do not misunderstand me; I do not mean that one should not help his country win a war, but is it not more characteristic of the patriot to advocate measures which in the long run will not lead to inevitable war?

Crime is another factor which enters into this discussion. Do you simply shrug your shoulders when another loses his life at the hands of a criminal? Or do you take an interest in such matters and, when the opportunity presents itself, do what you believe to be the best thing for keeping society safe from crime?

All in all, I think I may say that my idea of patriotism is doing all in one's power to improve his country by starting in his own community to better legislation and living conditions.

Grace Moran, age 17

TO H— WITH DOCTORS

For the few weeks preceding my fatal trip, I had not been feeling quite up to grade, but I had not been able to work up enough nerve to consult a doctor about my condition. However, after hearing the comments of several of my acquaintances, who did not know I was within hearing, I decided to see a doctor at once.

After a thorough examination, which became more thorough as it went on, the doctor told me in his professional voice that I should have come to see him sooner. "Yes," I replied, "I suppose I should have." But I had never been sick before and did not believe my condition serious then.

To my horror the doctor went on, "I do not want to excite you, or make you worry, but this trouble has gone on for so long that it will be a miracle if you live through the week. There is nothing you can do about it; it is just bound to happen."

With a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach I made my way to the offices of all the other doctors in the town, and received the same verdict. "Well," I decided, "if there is nothing to do about it, I may as well enjoy myself as much as is possible, considering the impending catastrophe." So, packing my clothes and taking my money from the old sock where it has been kept since 1929, I bade farewell to the little town and set out for Little Old New York. Having no close friends or relatives, I had no one to provide for, and so I resolved to spend as much as was necessary to celebrate the coming end.



John Poe, age 13

Arriving in New York about dusk Monday evening, the same day of my examinations, I took a modest, furnished apartment in one of the better residential sections of the city. About midnight, after setting the rooms in order, I engaged an automobile and set forth to see the city for the first and last time. About four o'clock, after seeing what I could of New York, I returned to the apartment and rested until eight next morning, Tuesday, the second day of the week.

Theatres, plays, and players have always been of interest to me, and I resolved to see what I could of these. On receiving permission, or perhaps I should say buying permission, to explore the theatres of New York, I spent all day and nearly all night enjoying the wonders of the dramatic world.

Wednesday, the third day, I again purchased permission, and utilized the day and night wandering about the offices and departments of the large newspapers and taking short trips with reporters to points of interest.

Thursday, the fourth day, I spent in going through the museums and taking trips to places of historic interest. In the evening I made the rounds of the fashionable night clubs and underworld hangouts, getting a glimpse of the celebrities who enjoy their evenings in these resorts.

Friday, the fifth day, as the end drew nearer, a feeling of unearthly lightness filled my mind, and I spent the day in visiting the art galleries where the beauty of the world is immortalized. Although this was not Sunday, there were

many people passing in and out of the Houses of Worship, and the latter part of the afternoon was spent in studying human nature from a pew in the rear of a church, listening to the music of the great organs of the churches. In the evening I remained in the apartment and enjoyed the last radio program I would ever hear.

Saturday was spent in wandering in the parks and by the ocean. As evening approached, a feeling of faintness overtook me, and I sought the seclusion of my room, there to pass into the beyond, out of sight of the staring and gaping humanity.

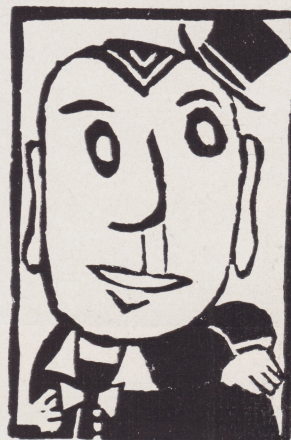
And now, at 9:15 o'clock, as I close this short writing, the faintness grows on me and without a doubt I will be unable to finish.

These last days have been of unthinkable splendor, the whole world has assumed a rosy glow, and I have a love for my fellow men which I have never had before. As I look back over my life I notice the weak spots and think that if I were to live it over I would never say an unkind word or do an unkind deed. Saturday, April 1, one week after I should have died.

OH! THE IRONY OF IT! Here I sit, feeling as well as I ever did. My LAST week was so crowded with new events coming one upon the other that eating completely slipped my mind. This week's fast entirely cured my case of indigestion which had been causing all the trouble, and my death last week was only a little fainting spell brought on by the lack of food.

I am now, with the \$2.23 left from my fortune, on my way to settle with the doctor who was responsible for my penniless condition. To H—— with all doctors. Down with all science.

Robert Melencamp, age 17



WHAT IS INITIATIVE

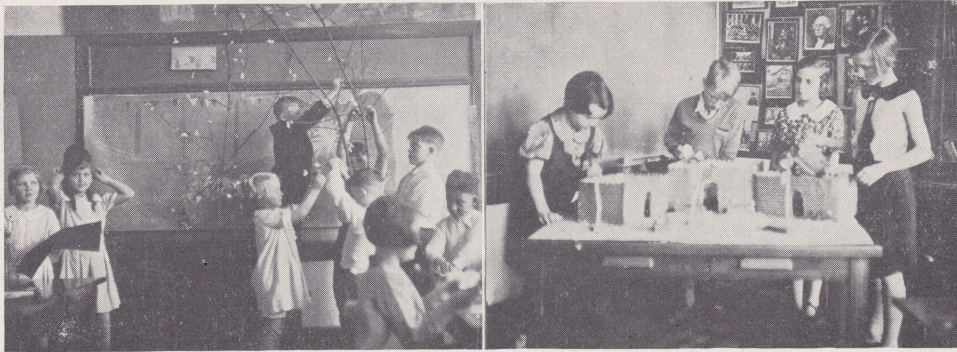
Kenneth Casselman, age 13

What is initiative? It is doing a thing without being told. It is the power or the ability to start and finish a thing without the suggestion of others.

We might classify people according to the amount of initiative possessed or not possessed. The first type is always thinking for himself. The second type does a thing only when told. The third and last type does nothing until necessity forces his hand.

Initiative is invaluable. (You may not always have someone to stand beside you and tell you every move to make.) If you look back into the lives of our great men, you will find they possessed a great amount of initiative. They would not have gone far had they not been self-starter thinkers and able to direct others effectively. Leaders of industry, of trade, and of higher education, must be wide awake, purposeful, and resourceful. These attributes are the characteristics of leaders. If you would be a leader, if you would win the respect of others, strive to develop initiative.

Helen Greenstreet, age 16



ART IN ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS
(See explanations on accompanying page)

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

EXPLANATION OF ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATIONS (Left to right beginning at top of page)

ST. PATRICK'S ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

(Kindergarten Band)

The children made their hats. *my class*

"THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF"

(Kindergarten Play)

Children painted the scenery and made the bridge. *my class*

SCENE IN THE ART ROOM

(Third Grade)

Children are preparing for a play, "The Winsome Bluebird." Groups are making fruit and flowers for the fairy trees, birds' wings, caps for the birds, and costumes for Mother Nature.

A BABYLONIAN COURT

(Fourth Grade)

While studying Babylonia as a unit in social studies some of the children discovered a description of a Babylonian Court. This inspired a desire to make some of the articles described. The necessary materials were collected, such as cartons, crayolas, twigs, large sheets of gray paper, colored paper, sand-colored crepe paper, and heavy green paper. A committee of the children's choice was soon at work. Plain paper furniture and drawings on the walls completed the interior of the houses. After all of the articles were finished, different children were asked by committee members to assist in assembling these articles as you see them in the picture.

ELEMENTARY ART PROGRAM

The children are shown in costumes worn in the Spring Color Play arranged by the Art and Physical Training Departments. Color, dancing, and music formed the basis for the play. Mother Nature, accompanied by her little dancing fireflies, uncovers the flowers who awaken and show their bright spring colors. The bugs and butterflies in their gay hues also come to life. The Spirit of Spring appears dressed in leafy green and brings with her a troop of fairy flowers who complete the picture with their colorful scarf dance.

A MOVIE—THE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE

(Sixth Grade)

Motivated by the work in social studies, a movie showing the various types of architecture—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Romanesque, Gothic, Colonial, and Modern—was constructed.

The movie machine was built from a packing box by two boys, while the remainder of the class drew the series of pictures. The movie with Lectures by several of the children was given as a part of the Assembly Program on Art.



PRESS BOARD ETCHING

FIVE MINUTES TO THREE

(With apologies to Helen Keller)

Life is so wonderful, so significant, so fathomless. We do not realize this, however, until we have but three days to live.

So it was three days ago, when I left Dr. Robert's office with the startling news that I had only three days—72 hours—to live. As I walked down the steps at exactly three o'clock, every object took on a new light, and it seemed to me that I was beginning to read a book, a very fascinating one, with all the people and objects I looked upon as the characters. The strange part of it was that I was not afraid. Instead, I was rather thrilled with the idea of this new adventure.

Walking into my house that evening, I was greeted by the merry laughter of the guests whom I had invited to a dinner party and had completely forgotten. In a few minutes I entered the dining room where my friends were sitting. As the dinner proceeded, it seemed as though I had begun to read my book again. I now saw my friends, not as formally gowned ladies, but as they really were.

When I was alone, my dogs gathered around me. I regretted this coming event for the first and last time, for I wondered who would take care of my dogs. Of all my friends, these beloved pets would probably miss me the most. No one could take my place with them. But in the human sphere, no matter how important a person is, literally in a few minutes, another can take his place, and although the first may be missed, life still goes on joyously singing.

The next two days I did not spend in the usual hurrying, scurrying routine. I did the little things which I had wanted to do for so long. I wandered down by the lake. There, curled up on the grassy bank, I finished writing a dozen letters and numerous other pertinent messages.

The next afternoon I spent at an organ recital. At no other time had music meant so much to me. It seemed that every note had a long story to tell me. There in the midst of a sparkling number, I started with a sudden pang in my heart, for the whole room was filled with the echo of the big clock across the street. One—two—three. Only twenty-four more hours.

Oh, there were so many things to do. So many people I wanted to see. I called my family and a few friends to my home for the night. I wanted to tell them, but I just smiled on and on, laughing at their jokes, and taking part in their conversation.

Sleep did not come to me that night. I wandered through the garden, tired but happy. Please, don't think I feared to die, I rather feared to live. I prayed to God that there might be at least one whom I had loved to meet me there. It was then I knew I could not tell my friends in words that I had never known life to be so worth living until these last three days.

Now my book is finished. My hand grows tired from writing. My friends are there behind that door. I am here, with my dogs at my feet, writing a message to them. The dim noise of the street below is as music in my ears. My body is tired and numb—and it's five minutes to three.

Thyra Kinghorn, age 18



ELEMENTARY ART

Top, left to right—Figure drawing on 12x18 paper outlined in charcoal and painted with poster colors. Third Grade.

Creative pictures drawn with the quick medium, colored chalk on 12x18 paper Second Grade.

Spring pictures painted in water color and outlined with charcoal—Second Grade. Crayon pictures associated with First Grade work.

LITTERAE EX JULIA AD MAROUM

Si, tu vales, bene est, ego valeo. Ego et noster filius bene sumus. Servus mihi litteras tuas dabat. Ancillae et servi domicilium et hortum bene maxime curant. Ego filium nostrum curo. Novam ancillam habeo, quod Lesbia aegri est. Nova ancilla bona est, et eam amo. Noster filius in ludo bonus est. Is legit, et scribit unus, duo, tres, quattuor, quinque, sex, septem, octo, novem, et decem. Mox ego et noster filius te videbimus. Vale.

Georgia Balser, age 15

NIOBE ET LIBERI

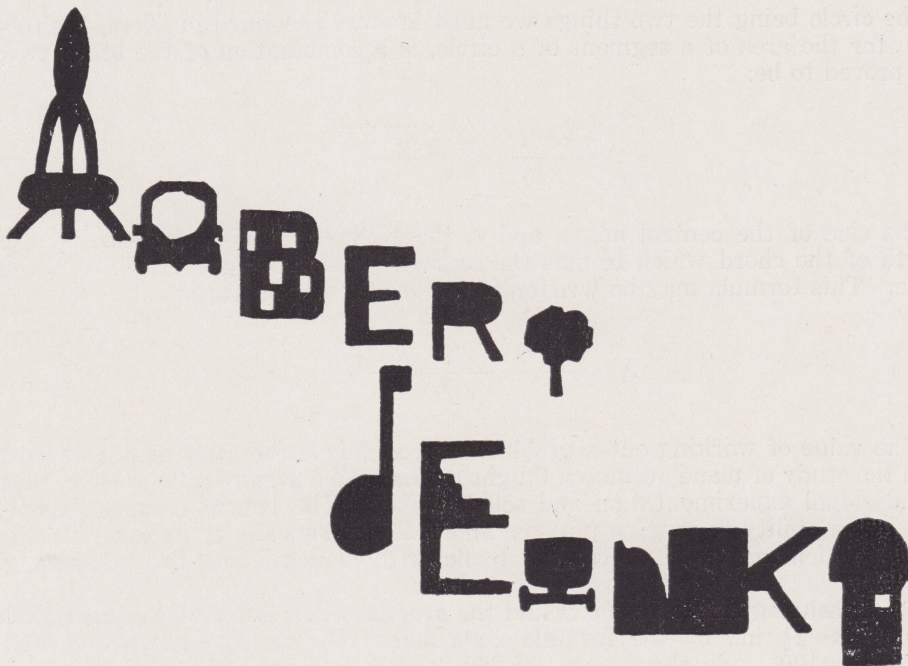
Niobe erat superba regina Thebanorum. Erat superba forma sua quoque magno liberorum numero suo. Habebat septem filios et septem filias.

Thebani Apollini et Dianae (deo et deae) sacra saepe parabant. Apollo et Diana erant liberi Latonae. Id reginae erat molestum quod liberi sacra non habebant.

"Ubi," inquit, "Sunt mea sacra? Duos liberos habet Latona, quattuordecim liberos habeo ego." Latona ei erat irata, et liberos suos, (Apollinem et Dianam), vocabat.

Deus et dea reginae liberos sagittis debebant. Apud suos liberos interfectos sedebat, et cum lacrimis eos desiderabat.

Georgia Balser, age 15



Robert Jenks, age 14

GEOMETRY

This problem first became of interest to me after a few months work in plane geometry. I previously had been interested in formulae, and had wondered why those for the area of the segment and sector of a circle had not been worked out. The manner in which the geometry class was conducted aroused my interest in geometry in general and when we understood that notebooks were to be handed in at the end of the year I decided to base mine on these problems: to derive a formula for determining the distance that a chord lies from the center of a circle and for determining the areas of a sector and a segment of a circle. When finished these proved to be the distance that a chord lies from the center of a circle is found from the formula:

$$d = \frac{\sqrt{4r^2 - c^2}}{2}$$

To use this one must know the radius of the circle and the length of the chord. The second problem reduced to the statement that the area of a sector of a circle is equal to $\frac{\pi r^2 x}{360}$ x , the size of the central angle, and r , the radius of the circle being the two things we must know. The third problem, the formula for the area of a segment of a circle, is a combination of the other two, and proved to be:

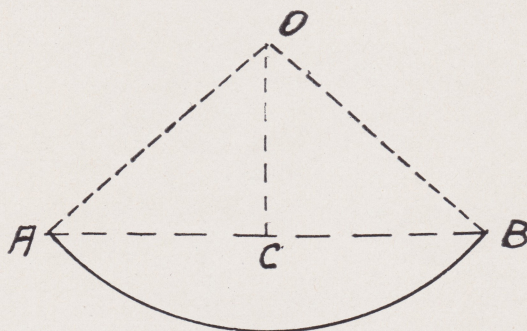
$$A = \frac{\pi r^2 x}{360} - c \cdot \frac{\sqrt{4r^2 - c^2}}{4}$$

x , the size of the central angle, and r , the radius of the circle, c being the length of the chord which bounds the segment, and r being the radius of the circle. This formula may be written in the more compact form:

$$A = \frac{\pi r^2 x - 90c \sqrt{4r^2 - c^2}}{360}$$

The value of working out a problem such as this is the same as one derives from the study of plane geometry taught under such a system as was ours: that of individual experimentation and self-guidance. The benefit of such experience is the ability to grasp a problem and follow it logically to its conclusion, a process which may well be carried to fields of learning and life other than geometry.

By measuring Angle I we can find the area of sector AOB, as we know that radius OB = $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., by the formula $\pi r^2 x / 360$. By measuring we find that Angle I = 100° . So the area = $100 / 360 \cdot 3.1416 \cdot 2.25$, or, multiplying it out, area = 1.96 sq. in.



By the drawing we see that if we subtract the area of the triangle (formed by the two radii and the chord) from the area of the sector, the difference will be the area of the segment. But to find the area of the triangle we will have to find the altitude of the triangle OC.

The altitude of this triangle happens to be the perpendicular distance from O to AB. Now we may apply the formula worked out in part 1 to find OC,

$$d = \frac{\sqrt{4r^2 - c^2}}{2}$$

Therefore, to get the area of a segment, it is seen that we first get the area of the sector, $\pi r^2 x/360$, then subtract the area of the triangle, which equals one-half the product of the base, which is chord c , and the altitude, which is the

distance from center to chord $\frac{\sqrt{4r^2 - c^2}}{2}$ in order to get the area of the segment.

The formula for the area of a segment of a circle therefore is:

$$A = x/360 \cdot \pi r^2 - \frac{1}{2} \cdot \left(c \cdot \frac{\sqrt{4r^2 - c^2}}{2} \right)$$

or, as simplified,

$$A = x/360 \cdot \pi r^2 - \frac{c \cdot \sqrt{4r^2 - c^2}}{4} \text{ or } \frac{\pi r^2 - 90c \sqrt{4r^2 - c^2}}{360}$$

To use this formula we must know:

1. The size of the central angle x .
2. The radius of the circle, r .
3. The length of the chord, c .

Walter Whitehouse, when 15 years old



PHOTO BY MENZI

PICTURE STUDY

BOY WITH A RABBIT—RAEBURN

Posed by Everett Chappell, First Grade



PHOTO BY MENZI

PICTURE STUDY

ANGEL WITH A LUTE—CARPACCIO

Posed by Alice Ann Ritchie, Third Grade

MUSIC

These musical efforts in creative expression grew out of a need of music for an assembly play, out of some suggestion in literature or social studies, from a desire to enhance the beauty of a poem by composing a melody, or because the poem sang itself into musical form. They arose out of a desire to share beauty that had been experienced. In using the medium of music an attempt was made to discover talent and encourage it until it flowered in art form. This involved a knowledge of the medium sufficient for expression and unobstructed channels from the student's idea to the created object of beauty. Some of the compositions were individual efforts but the majority were the product of a group. Some students were rich in suggesting melodic fine, appropriate rhythms, and artistic design, while others were helpful in giving frank and pertinent criticisms and in interpreting the poetry and in synchronizing it with tone. Thus all have shared in the wonder and joy of creation. L. A. A.

Janet Cleveland The Sea Shore. Fresh Air

I like to watch the sail boats That
sail a-long the shore I like to sit up-
on the beach and hear the o-cean roar. I
like to watch the pol-li-wogs As they go swimming
by Oh I think that it is lots of fun to
hear the sea gulls cry

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

The Zoo

First Grade

Handwritten musical notation for the song 'The Zoo'. It consists of five staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple, using quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.

I went in to the Zoo
 I saw the Mon-keys and the Kangaroo
 I fed the elephants nuts
 And I went home on the train.

One Monday morning Marilyn came to school with another poem of her creation. She explained that as she was the first one up Sunday morning she thought it a good time to write a poem. She told us that she made music to go with it. The fourth grade children were not satisfied until they had heard the poem and then the poem and the music together.

When the music supervisor heard the song she invited Marilyn to teach the song to the children. Then followed the writing of the music on the blackboard. Almost every child helped place the notes in their proper places until the music was completed. The poem and music are below.

Flower Song

Marilyn Miller
4th Grade

Handwritten musical notation for the song 'Flower Song'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple, using quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.

O-pen lit-tle tu-lip daf-fo-dilly too,
 O-pen lit-tle vio-let with your coat so blue
 Pus-sys in a swampy place, O-pen, show your dainty face
 O-pen flowers of spring time O-pen flowers soon.



PHOTO BY MENZI

THE MUSIC HOUR.

Third Grade children composing the music
for an original Valentine song written by
Gertrude Menzi

VALENTINES

Valentines are beautiful,
With hearts of silver and gold,
With cupids bright and arrows red
For friends both young and old.

Gertrude Menzi, age 9

Valentines

Gertude Menzie Third Grade

Val-en-tines are beau-ti-ful, With hearts of silver and
gold. With cu-pids bright and arrows red For
friends both young and old.

Grace Sever Spring 2nd Grade.

The bees that buzz to me Go flying round the
tree. They go from flower to flower, and
spend a happy hour.

James Barnes The Grand Canal Fourth Grade

Down the Grand Canal we travel riding with the
gon-dolier, who sings his song and sings it brightly and
makes his music clear. He who sings the
waters music makes it ripple in its play
makes it sing the song it does while he paddles
down the way Paddles onward with the boat and
you and me.

Song of the Shears

The bar-ber shears go snip snip snip

The bar-ber shears sing clip, clip, clip

The musical notation consists of two staves in 2/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The second staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The melody is: D3 (half), C3 (half), B2 (half), A2 (half), G2 (half), F2 (half), E2 (half), D2 (half). The lyrics are written below the notes.

Tweet! Tweet!

O so sweet-ly the bird-ies sing

Tweet! Tweet! tweet! Tweet! tweet! tweet!

The musical notation consists of two staves in 3/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The second staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The melody is: D3 (half), C3 (half), B2 (half), A2 (half), G2 (half), F2 (half), E2 (half), D2 (half). The lyrics are written below the notes.

Squirrels

Fro-licky squirrels are out to play

To find some nuts and eat them all day

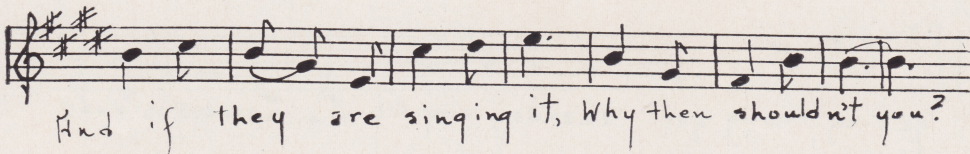
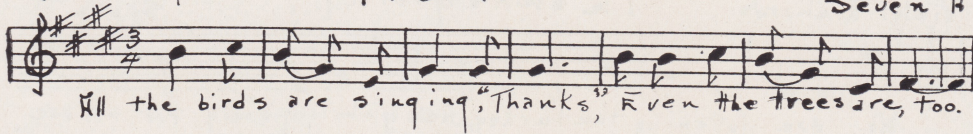
The musical notation consists of two staves in 3/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The second staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The melody is: D3 (half), C3 (half), B2 (half), A2 (half), G2 (half), F2 (half), E2 (half), D2 (half). The lyrics are written below the notes.

These songs were written by the Third Grade for the Second Grade sight reading book.

William Tryon

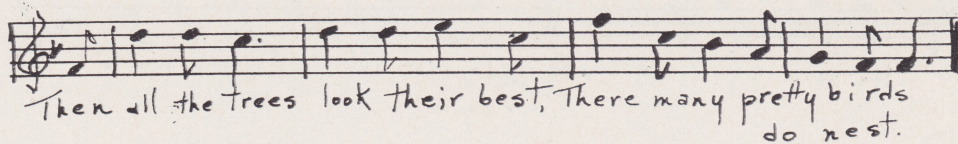
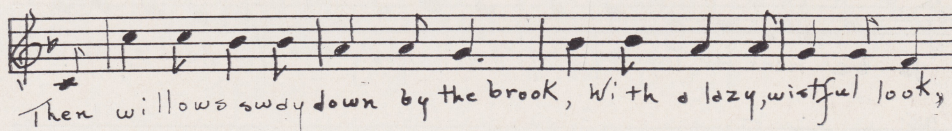
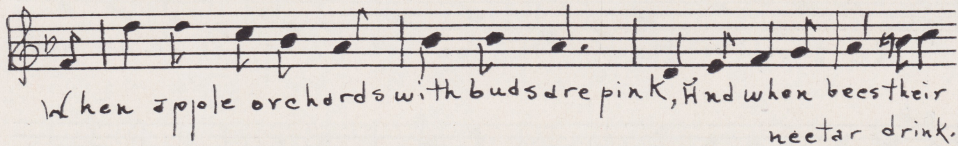
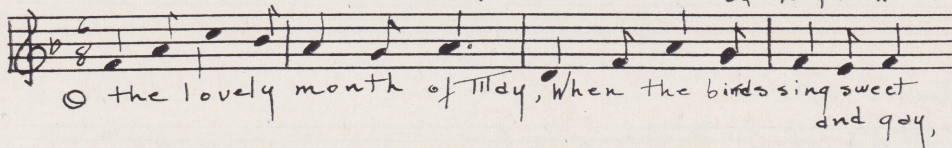
Thanks

Seven H



May

Words and Music
by Eight H



Violet Richards

Thanks giving

Seven B

We are fattening the turkey, He's gobbling away, For we are
getting ready for Thanksgiving day. The harvest is over,
the trees are all bare, The flowers are dead which were once so fair.

Dorothy Bland

Thanksgiving Day

Seven H

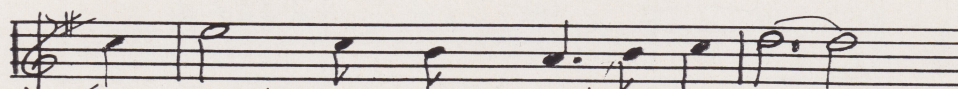
We should be thankful that we are living, For we all want
to be here for Thanksgiving, Turkey is fatter in stead of thinner,
He will soon be ready for our Thanksgiving dinner.

The Song of the Sea

Words and Music
by EIGHT B



O the great rolling sea is like a sweet melody,



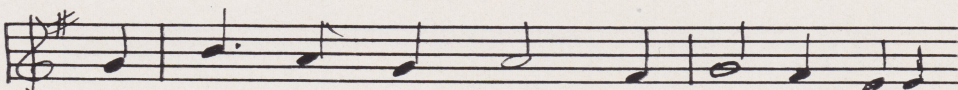
That floats on the silvery brine,



While under the waves the lovely mermaids



Take music on their seaweed harps.



They play to the sway of Neptune's trident



And swing to the rhythm of the deep blue sea.

To Frederick Alexander

Prelude in D Major

Gt.: P+Op. Dia.
Sw. mf

James Newcombe

Semplice

Manuel

moderato

Pedal

CREATIVE EXPRESSION

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a decrescendo (*dim.*) and then a crescendo. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#), featuring a complex rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a few notes. The label "Gt. P" is written above the middle staff in the third measure.

Handwritten musical score for the second system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#), featuring a melodic line with slurs. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#), featuring a complex rhythmic pattern. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a few notes. The label "cres." is written above the middle staff in the third measure.

Handwritten musical score for the third system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#), featuring a melodic line with slurs. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#), featuring a complex rhythmic pattern. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a few notes. The label "Op. Dia." is written above the middle staff in the third measure.

THE BELLCREST

First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with single notes. The word "accelerando" is written above the middle staff, and "crescendo rit." is written above the top staff.

Second system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melodic line. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with single notes. The marking "Gt. ff" is written above the middle staff.

Third system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melodic line. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with single notes. The marking "fff" is written above the middle staff.

HOW IT WAS DONE

The idea that one must be inspired in order to compose is, to a certain degree and in some cases, wholly incorrect. It is true that the musical masterpieces of great composers were written from inspiration, but often only the idea or theme of the composition can be traced to this theory. When it comes to the actual writing or recording, one must have some power more easily harnessed than this somewhat elusive thing called inspiration.

For two hours every week during the month of February, 1930, I labored steadily on an organ composition which now stands completed as "Prelude in D Major." I cannot say that I was inspired to write this composition, but I do know I did have a definite idea to work out. After my theme had been chosen, which took considerable time, the next thing to do was to harmonize and develop it. In the course of five weeks with steady application, this was accomplished.

No matter if the composition is of *little*, or even *no* merit. The important point is, that I have learned that by applying one's self steadily, one may accomplish things which seem impossible at the outset.

James Newcombe, age 17



ROSE CAWTELLE



AN ATTRACTIVE WALK NEAR ROOSEVELT

FEATURES

PART THREE



CAMPUS SCENES

Left Row, Top to Bottom—All in at 1:00, Can we play, too? Our Studious Physicists,
 Five Margery Daws, A Happy Trio
 Middle Row—The Big Tease, Roosevelt Hoboes, One of Those Field Trips, Where to?
 Right Row—Home Run, Our Own Merry-go-round, What is it now, A Picturesque Pic-
 ture, The Alma Mater.

FEATURES

TRADITION PLUS

By Neil Webb

To the tradition of having school traditions, Roosevelt is no exception. One of the most accepted of these is the annual Senior class fad. Senior fads, **Yellow Jackets** most without exception, consist of wearing apparel, and the **Brighten Seniors** class of '33 chose gorgeous black and gold sweaters which made them look like young orioles. The black and gold were these Seniors' colors; preceding classes have invariably used the school's of purple and grey.

Perhaps the most zealously guarded school property reserved expressly for the upper class is the Senior stairway. Said stairway is a narrow and steep **Circular Stairway** corkscrew means of ascension from the first floor to the **Intrigues** second. It may be the quick twist of this stairway that invites under-classmen to scale it, or it may be the idea that they are "putting something over," but at any rate they are often caught poaching upon this sacred circular. When caught, they are made to scrub it, a not particularly enjoyable occupation. In olden days, ambitious Juniors used to try to take the stairway from the Seniors by force, but during the last half decade such disturbances are rare because Mr. Misner, following the lead of the world powers, has very creatively adapted peace conferences to the school, and practically dispensed with necessity for physical disputes.

Ypsilanti Central and Roosevelt's football teams engage each fall in a much **Brown Jug Goes** glorified game. The winning squad carries away to its trophy **To Victors** cases the much desired Little Brown Jug. Central has been so successful in its encounters that the Jug would feel almost like an orphan if it were forced to leave the school below.

High and mighty Seniors have a peculiar habit of walking out of the school **Faculty Licenses** library. The faculty, noticing that the Seniors' desire to **Privileges** perambulate was exceedingly strong, legalized the Seniors' actions and licensed privileges. These are now bestowed upon every Senior who proves a good little fellow.

Annually, the Juniors and Seniors initiate the Sophomore class into the **Sophomore Reception** realms of the senior high school by means of the Sophomore **Reception**. The parties used to be truly enjoyable to the **barons Touch** Juniors and the Seniors, but the decision that the parties were too barbarous has proved fatal to the spirits of some of the students. --

Roosevelt has a cupola which rises to a very respectable height, and in this fad upon its top, the succeeding Senior classes are, place their class colors. They remain there indefinitely, depending upon the weather, and the outcome of the tug-of-war. They serve to remind passersby that another cargo is being ejected from the good ship Roosevelt.

Both the Junior and Senior classes, as a means of displaying their histrionic abilities and of coaxing a few she kles into the exchequer, put on plays. These productions have always been successful, since they are great helps in establishing school love-affairs. These must certainly have been traditions since there were schools.

Ah! Finally there comes the bright, sunny June day which it annually allotted to the class picnics. This can truthfully be named as the happiest day of the school year for the student body as a whole. The girls' make-up is of no use to them. It all washes off when they go swimming, leaving them with noses that look like a newly-waxed floor, and giving the natural bloom of health the opportunity to shine from their cheeks. The food, consisting mostly of potato salad and potato chips, is gorged by ravenous picnickers. No picnic is complete without potato salad, but the worst of it is, you must eat it or hurt the salad-makers' feelings.

Toward the last of the year, the whole school retires to either the Roosevelt or Lincoln high school athletic fields to view or participate in the Huron League field meet. Home-made pies, constructed by the country girls, and surpassing all but mothers', are an inducement to joining the Lincoln aggregation.

As a grand finale, the school and faculty once each year combine to celebrate a great tradition entitled graduation exercises. These were designed solely for the purpose of checking the Seniors out of school. New classes are gradually moved up and eliminated, and slowly new traditions take the place of the old. But they are for someone else to tell. When I am president, I will probably look back over my old school's newest creative booklet and wonder at the depreciation of school life since I was a youngster.

**Adorn Cupola
Class Colors**

**Plays Encourage
Various Types
of Ability**

**Picnics Prove
Ruhous to
Appetites**

**Field Day Gives
Pie-makers Chance
to Display Wares**

**Graduating Exercises
Designed to
Check Out Seniors**



Marlene Ealy, age 17

FEATURES

THE GIFT HOUSE

By William Colburn

During the past three years most of the Christmas activities of the Roosevelt School have centered around the Gift House. Within the foyer a small portable house is set up. It immediately creates a "Christmasy" atmosphere with its trees, snow and icicles, the toys inside, and the little Santa Clauses and elves that preside over it.

To this house come all the children of the school, from first grade to the twelfth, with cherished toys which they have outgrown, or books which they have read, or things which they give just because they want to give.

Each year Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus and their elfin helpers, all from the lower elementary grades, dance through the building and plead for presents to fill the Gift House. Children are chosen daily from the lower six grades to receive the gifts that are brought to the house that day. These are later distributed among the needy of Ypsilanti.

This custom of supplying gifts for the less fortunate was conceived in 1894 by Miss Margaret E. Wise, then first grade supervising teacher in the old Training School. According to the original plan a gigantic red stocking was hung in the hall, in which the children could drop their discarded toys. The inspiration for this idea came from the poem, "A Christmas Wish," which is reprinted below.

As years went on, the interest in giving grew. So much was contributed that the stocking was filled to overflowing, and it was necessary to provide



THE GIFT HOUSE, ROOSEVELT'S CHRISTMAS ACTIVITY

boxes. Still greater interest and still more contributions brought about the building of the Gift House. When the elementary grades were moved to the Roosevelt building, the little house, now a tradition of the spirit of sharing, came too.

And so for almost four decades the "Giant Stocking," sponsored by the children of the Michigan State Normal College Laboratory Schools has been the medium through which the Christmas spirit has been enriched and sustained.

Each year when the gift center is established in the foyer, the Christmas feeling deepens, and the school as a whole develops the atmosphere which characterized the first Christmas. Let us hope that the Gift House tradition will long hold sway over the Christmas activities of Roosevelt and inspire its pupils to greater giving.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting house full of toys,
Then I'd go out on a happy hunt
For poor little girls and boys;
Up the street, and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would ask for a Noah's Ark
With beasts of every kind.

And some would rather have little shoes
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor,
And the winter is hard to bear,
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so,
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels,
And candy of every kind;
And buy all the almonds and pecan nuts
And taffy that I could find.
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way;
So the children would find them the very first thing
When they woke on Christmas Day.

—From Youth's Companion

STAFF ROOM REFLECTIONS

By Catherine Pittman

As I sit in the Staff Room, gazing absently about, I see the busy scene before me as if really seeing it for the first time. Semi-peace has descended upon the group. The Rough Rider has met with common approval or silent disapproval, and so the "it should be this way" colony has folded its tents and taken to the pavement. The idle reporter is lolling comfortably in the swivel chair with his feet over the edge of the maroon colored wastebasket; he adds atmosphere to the desk which is, as usual, rather cluttered. At one end stands a tier of wire baskets, ordinarily filled with copy, but tonight practically empty. This explains why the editor is pacing the length and breadth of the Staff Room discoursing violently upon the importance of instituting dictatorship.

Pouring over a dictionary with one of her proteges, Miss McAndless, chief of staff, demonstrates the proper use and appreciation of Webster. The associate editor is slowly scratching his head by the assignment sheet, wondering if



PHOTO BY MENZI

STAFF ROOM SILHOUETTE

it can be filled. A few reporters flop about the room and disturb Miss Dorothy Hopps, the Sophomore artist, as she attempts to decorate the blackboard with such artistic slogans as "Speak No Evil, See No Evil, Hear No Evil"—"Get it Now, Get it right, But Get It Now."

Visitors drop in every few minutes to make pertinent remarks about this and that. I see among the comers and goers, mothers, custodians, interested Juniors, Sophomores, and Junior Hi-ers, and the principal. Many enter, and yet each is greeted in a friendly sort of way.

Now the faculty begins to drop in—mostly masculine. Mr. Schnell provides a controversial discussion of editorial policies. Mr. Lappinen wants Spur information. Mr. Menzi brings up his choicest photographic products for approval. Mr. Binns comes to return the property of some lackadaisical reporter. Then comes Miss Stinson. More Hillcrest business to which Bill and Thyra lend attentive ears. The afternoon parade is in full force.

The Ypsilanti Press reporter now appears on the scene. With a scurry reporters vanish to the four corners to return with their choicest news tidbit, so that her visit may not be in vain.

There is a tramp of feet in the corridor. The alumni are coming to review the latest issue. Apparently the smell of printer's ink clings to their nostrils, and they stage a comeback to review each succeeding issue in terms of their own glorious accomplishments.

As I look more deeply at the Staff Room I see that it is a place where we form many of the ideas which we will carry through life. It is a cheerful place where we work without being pushed, and where we practice cooperation. It is a place where we learn to analyze politics, economics, and society at large. It is a place where we learn to "get things now, and accurately."

WITH A QUACK, QUACK HERE, AND A QUACK, QUACK THERE MR. GOLCZYNSKI'S GEESE TAKE POSSESSION

By Neil Webb

Perhaps everyone has noticed the two newest additions to Roosevelt's public at large. They are Mrs. Goose and Mr. Gander. These two personages are becoming well known as a consequence of their majestic wanderings about their self-appropriated paddock.

But all pupils appeared unduly curious as to their true identity, so a harmless reporter was commissioned to start an investigation. A stenographic report of the interview follows:



"Please, Mr. Golczynski, can you give a reporter some interesting details of the biographies of your web-footed friends?"

"Now, Mr. Webb, I have an engagement, but I am always willing to help a poor cub with his assignment. I'll try to give you a few pointers. Mrs. Goose is very tame and loves to be near children. Mr. Gander, being of the more 'anserine' type, which by the way means goose in Latin and stupid in English, shuns human company for the most part, thereby displaying not stupidity but wisdom."

"Well, would you mind or could you give me some instances where Mr. Gander showed marked attachment for his surroundings?"

"I can remember many cases where Mr. Gander tried to show his affection by obtaining a good hold upon the fingers or trousers-seats of his admirer."

"How about Mrs. Goose?"

"Mrs. Goose is much more intimate. She hops up on my window sill and shows her sisterly love for the rest of the geese who study in my room. She makes a banquet of the potted geraniums which are my pride and joy."

"Is there any way of stopping the vociferous outbursts of the inspired Honkers?"

"Webb, there is only one way that I can suggest off-hand and that is to chop off their heads. I can assure you, however, that I will do no head-hunting. Not until Christmas, at least." Thus the biology teacher concluded his remarks as he tried to throw the reporter out.

FEATURES

ROOSEVELT JUNIOR CORRESPONDS WITH FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

EXECUTIVE MANSION
ALBANY, NEW YORK

October 18, 1932.

Mr. Lauren Daggett,
The Roosevelt School of
Michigan State Normal College,
Ypsilanti,
Michigan.

My dear Mr. Daggett:

I am very much pleased to hear from you and wish it were possible for me to send you in detail the statement you would like as to the most efficient way of educating a voter of the future to enable him to cast an intelligent ballot.

I am preparing for my tour to the South and it is at this time absolutely impossible to write you what you are expecting. I will say, however, that it is encouraging to see the increasing interest which intelligent young men and women are taking in the problems of today and I am confident that with such evidences of enthusiasm and loyalty the future of our country is secure.

With all good wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

During the current year the "Rough Rider" has conducted a column, "Letters from Famous People." Various students throughout the high school have corresponded with outstanding individuals in an endeavor to discover their views on training America's youth to be intelligent voters. Among those who have generously contributed their ideas on the subject have been President-Elect Franklin D. Roosevelt; Coach Fielding H. Yost, of the University of Michigan; and Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist party in the United States. Following is a facsimile of the letter received by Lauren Daggett, a Junior, and reproduced in the November 15 issue of the "Rough Rider."



PHOTO BY MENZIE

FAMILIAR SCENES

Top Row—R. W. Binns, Our Librarian, Some Typists, The Naturalist.

Second Row—Manual Arts Exhibit, Shop in Full Swing.

Third Row—Our Faculty, Dean of Girls.

Bottom Row—Library Attitude, Some Future Chefs.

CLOSE-UP OF A FACULTY MEETING

By Margaret Merritt

Although a multitude profess that there be none, I can stand alone against that multitude and present proof that there really is such a thing as a miracle. In fact, if there were not, this little story would never have been written. I am about to relate an amusing incident as to how I managed to sit in on one of our immortal faculty meetings.

I returned to school about four-thirty one afternoon to get a book. While standing at my locker, I saw a mysterious form approaching. It was none other than Mr. Ross, one of our custodians, home from Chicago where he had received a degree in the science of magic. "Well, well," said he, "what are you doing up here at this time of day?"

After explaining my purpose, he said, "Would you like to see me exhibit some of my magic?"

Of course, I imagined that it would all be very thrilling, so I readily agreed to be audience to his great feats. Believe it or not I was immediately made invisible. I flitted about the corridors like an airy wraith and perched on the composite pictures of our dear departed graduating classes.

Just as he was about to change me back to my natural state, around the corner popped Miss Crawford. The Professor of the Black Arts was so startled by the unexpected appearance that he ducked down the stairs, and there I was left all alone and worse yet invisible.

Miss Crawford went into the library, and then I heard a babble of tongues coming from the other end of the hall. My ear distinguished the bell-like tones of Mr. Schnell, Mr. Golczynski, and Mrs. Bradley. Mr. Schnell and Mrs. Bradley opened the library door and were swallowed by the cavernous depths of our "daily drudge" (just a student's term for library).

I saw Mr. Golczynski tramp onward, muscular chest thrown out, and a "hide and seek" smile roaming over his visage. My heart stopped—I was directly in his path. I closed my eyes, and decided that it was best to meet death with a smile. However, he collided with Miss Stinson, and I opened my eyes just in time to see the two of them enter the library.

There seemed to be a terrific commotion in the library. I knew if students had been there, it would have been about time for Mr. Binns to deliver an hour harangue on the general subject of library attitude. I crept over to the door and quietly slipped in.

The meeting was called to order in the usual manner, according to Robert's Best Rules of Order. Then Mr. Misner started the ball rolling by giving them the "1933 Hillcrest" for a tussle. The plans for the publication were up'd and downed. Mrs. Swete insisted that art must play a large part in the booklet, at which point Miss Stinson rose and expressed her desire to have some colored illustrations in the publication. Mr. Lappinen then brought up the point that all material be brought to him just as soon as possible in order to facilitate the work of the print shop. The faculty accepted graciously their responsibility to raise some of the money needed to put it out. Mr. Menzi looked as though he had been drawn through a sieve. Poor boy, he must have guessed that he would have to serve as the presiding pictorial genius. But what a whale of a job he made of it.

I think that I should stop long enough to say that up to this point Mr. Schnell had not said one word. (However, two triangles are still congruent when)

Miss North bounced up suddenly and without warning began to harp on attendance regulations. "Too many unexcused absences," said she.

"What can we do about it?" asked Miss Crawford.

"That's what we've got to decide," responded Miss North—and so far on into the night.

After a lengthy argument the motion was made that letters be brought from home to explain the reason for the vacant chair. The motion is carried. (Oh! oh! ye hookey lovers, better beware!)

The next topic of importance was the dear old Senior Privileges. This, of course, was brought from its dark corner by our paternal librarian, R. W. Binns. "In my opinion it would be a good thing to put them into effect immediately."

"I disagree," said a weak voice in a dusky corner. "I think that it encourages loafing."

"Shall I let them play checkers in my office?" boomed Mr. Walker.

"Decidedly not!" said the august principal.

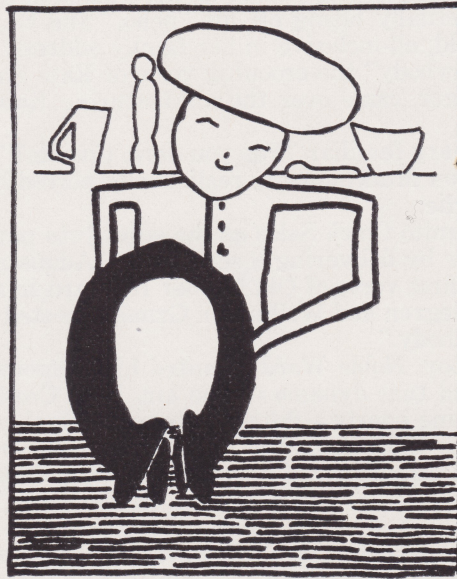
Not one word was said about the subject that is usually most popular. I refer to our geese. (It must be that the faculty had learned to enjoy their quacks.)

The discussion of closed doors at noon was getting well under way when suddenly a loud noise came from one corner of the room. Just as I thought—Mr. DeBoer snoring. Miss Humphrey gladly seized the golden opportunity and moved that the meeting be adjourned. Each faculty member eagerly added his "aye."

About an hour later Mr. Ross came to sweep the library and finding me in such a helpless state changed me back into my real self. Until this hour I have never suggested the happening of that memorable hour. Now, however, I feel it is my duty to answer the million "wonders" as to what they do at faculty meetings.



Marvin Pittman, age 14



Elizabeth Harris, age 14

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS IN A PROGRESSIVE HIGH SCHOOL

By Thyra Kinghorn

That assemblies play a most important part in the life of a progressive school is the contention of Roosevelt's administration and faculty. Therefore, during the school year of 1932-33, practically every department has sponsored at least one program, and about two-thirds of the pupils in the school have had an opportunity to participate in roles of actors, speakers, musicians, directors, chairmen and stage managers. To vary the programs several speakers have been engaged from the Chicago Assembly Speakers.

Some of the representative assemblies have been: the production of "Saturday Market" by the Masque Club; a musical program of period songs in American music; an interesting discussion of the meaning of football terms and plays; and a linguistic exhibition by the Latin and French departments.

A typical assembly write-up taken from the May second edition of the Rough Rider is reprinted below.

Stations WXYZ, WWJ, CKOK, and WJR brought their headline artists to the Roosevelt auditorium, April 19. To bill such a diversified program for one single hour was a feat which not even Barnum in his wildest exuberance would have dared.

Jimmy Wallington, nee Bill Bazley, announcing for Roosevelt Student Council, had no qualms. He knew his temperamental stars and thrust them before the mike with startling rapidity.

Imagine Uncle Neil coming to Ypsilanti. Only he had been maimed in a traffic accident, so Wellington Grimes in his most approved safety-slogan style urged upon everyone of his listeners "use your eyes, then use your ears, and—er—a—run as fast as you can." His two assistants were Veronica Cummings and Ann Wortley, birthday celebrants, who caricatured Mildred Crawford, four

year old, very reluctant in saying "hello" to her "mamma and poppa," shy Ray Binns, six year old, actually biting off his "hello," and Sally Ann Martindale, five and a half years old, all-inclusive in her family address.

With a "Hello Everybody" the crooning voice of Kate Smith or, as we know her, Helen Heimerdinger, came over the air featuring Kate's popularity numbers.

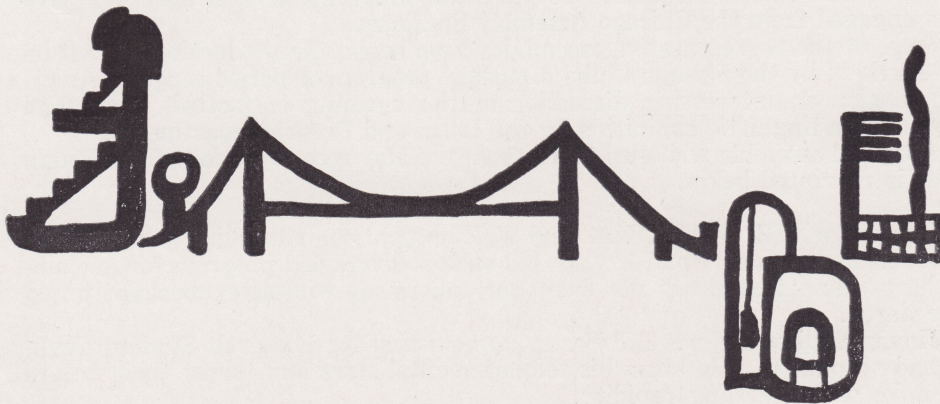
Then echoed that very familiar "Vas you dere, Charlie?" Evidently he was, for there was the Baron Munchausen, realistically played by Edsel Davis with Aaron Carson as Charlie.

Bobby Lodge, incognito Chick Sales as the substitute parson, added a more solemn, religious flavor by delivering a sermon on "Admission Without Cause," using for his text the first verse of Old Mother Hubbard in a strange and startling form. Betty Lindegren and Wellington Grimes assisted him with the hymn tune, "Go Tell Aunt Rhody."

The lonesome cowboy, Noble Ward, chanted his lonesome songs to the wail of his harmonica. And that dynamo of the air, Bing Crosby (Aaron Carson), who sets all the feminine hearts a flutter, crooned several romantic airs.

To close the live-wire S. C. Hour, the Sills Brothers in person, namely Wesley Burrell, William Lyons, Lyman LaChance and Aaron Carson, "executed" the classical melodies, "Juanita," "The Bull Frog on the Bank," "Uncle Ned," and "I Love a Lassie."

The broadcast was made possible through the facilities of Henry Lyons, who has made an extensive study of radio operating. The entertainers were guest artists of Roosevelt's Student Council.



John Poe, age 13

FEATURES

THE CLUBS GET TOGETHER

By Marie Dusbiber

Time—June 13, 1933

Place—Roosevelt School Terrace

Occasion—To review Roosevelt Club Activities for 1932-33

Music—Band: Marius Fossenkemper, director

Orchestra: Mrs. Emily Mutter Adams, director

(Heard among audience: The band and orchestra really have done splendid work throughout the year.)

Chairman—Leroy Schnell: My dear friends, tonight we will permit a representative from each of Roosevelt's organizations to discuss the work of his group.

P. T. A.—Mr. German: During the year we believed we saw a way to aid the orchestra. We purchased some instruments for them. Our second annual Follies, in which our acting ability even put that of our children to shame, was presented for a similar worthy purpose.

Masque Club—Helen Heimerdinger: As the name of our club would imply, we experimented in the field of acting. Our fifteen girls presented a guest night program for friends and patrons of the club which proved to be very successful. We gave three plays in which, we are proud to state, the boys did not clutter up the plot.

Boys' Cooking Club—Marvin Pittman: Boys do have an important function in our club. Miss Myers has taught our twenty members how to make everything from cream puffs to vegetable salad. In order to display our newly acquired skill we served a luncheon to Mr. Misner, and we understood that it was thoroughly enjoyed since he termed us the world's "future chefs."

Student Council—William Lyons: Speaking of enjoyment, it is my opinion that our assembly program was sufficiently entertaining to bring smiles to three hundred faces. Moreover, we attempted throughout the year to make effective laws and regulations.

Jolly Actors—Charlotte McCulloch: While trying our hand at peppering up assemblies, we presented a one-act play. Although the acting wasn't first class, it established Jolly Actors as a beginners' school for Roosevelt's prospective actors and actresses.

Girl Scouts—Maxine Saffell: The Girl Scouts have been busy this year, with



the result that there are now six girls who have reached first class, and all the others are second class. We were also interested in other people so we adopted a family through the Welfare Board and were able to get clothing for the parents and seven children, pay to have fresh milk delivered daily, and took presents and extra food for Thanksgiving and Christmas. In March we had our big Court of Awards, and all the Scouts of the city took part in an International program in which the various countries were represented in music, dance, or pantomime.

Boy Scouts—Jerry Steimle: After a year of many advancements and improved social activities the Scouts of Troop I plan to spend a week at Black Lake.

Photography—Roger Heath: More enthusiasm and the results of that enthusiasm have been in evidence in 1932-33 than in any previous year. Besides the filming, developing, enlarging and tinting done within the actual club, the Hillcrest, Scandal Sheet and Class cuts are the product of this group.

Scisnerof—Charles Neir: Most of our work was confined to the club proper; however, we did purchase five books on Public Speaking for the library. An innovation of the year was Mr. R. W. Binns as faculty sponsor.

French Club—Wellington Grimes: Achieving a more liberal education in French was our aim throughout the year. Holding our meetings during class periods made it unnecessary to exclude any one, and thus all became equally familiar with French modes of living, recreation, songs, and history.

Latin Club—Alice Gillespie: As the French Club strove for a more liberal education, so did our Latin Club. Details of the important parts of our study were brought to our attention by reports and slides; we substituted class periods for nightly meetings, thereby giving opportunity for all to belong.

Math Club—Maxine Saffell: Conquering every kind of puzzle from a jig-saw to a difficult arithmetical one was our main occupation this year. A minor phase of our program was the reviewing of famous mathematical works.

G. A. A.—Mary Power: Sponsoring interclass games and Field Day constituted our work for the year 1932-33. We hope to have established a sincere enthusiasm in interclass sports which will make for larger turnouts next year.

Areo—Model—Glen Dusbiber: Re-establishing our club from the city-wide organization to a school activity was our project. We also opened a new Areo-model supply store from which airplane enthusiasts could purchase their materials.

Garden Club—John Poe: Although our club did not have conception until the second semester, our members will realize its profits all summer. Each one of us has planted a garden, and already our tables have been graced by the early summer vegetables. Mr. DeBoer acts as sponsor and has plans for continuing this club next year.

Chairman—Mr. Schnell: This has been a very worthwhile program. Now we will each better understand the activities of the others.



Arley Fredette, age 13

FOOTBALL DIARY

By William Lyons, Athletic Editor

Sept. 14, Weather clear.

Big boys and little boys, Eight Graders and Seniors, today hoowed elbows as they jostled about the property room where the Mentor of pigskin destinies was distributing the football togs. After the excitement had subsided, and the smell of mothballs had cleared out of the locker-room, I overheard Coach Walker say, "Looks like it's going to be a good season."

Sept. 23, Weather warm.

Day of Roosevelt-Saline game. With their knees knocking and their hands restlessly running through their hair, the two teams lined up for the kick-off.

After battling for twenty-four minutes, the home rookies were unable to push the pigskin over the chalk line. The Saline boys put up a bold fight in trying to cross the Hilltop goal line, but the powerful Roosevelt forwards held.

During the third quarter both teams fought furiously. As the fourth drew to an end, quarter-backs of both teams started throwing passes in the hopes that one might be completed for six points, but as luck would have it, neither team completed a pass and the game ended 0-0.

Sept. 30, Weather warm.

After the newness had been worked out, the Roosevelt football machine began to look like a promising squad. Today they journeyed to Milan to engage in a conflict with their second foe of the season.



On the second play of the game a Milan halfback threw a pass far down the field to a player who emerged from a crowd of spectators. Before anything could be done about it, he had passed over the line for a touchdown. They failed to make the extra point. As a result of this touchdown, the fighting spirit of the Rooseveltians was brought out, and the Milan team was held at a standstill.

When the second quarter was well under way, the boys from Milan started a drive toward the Roosevelt goal, each play bringing them nearer. Realizing this, the warriors from Ypsi gave all they had to stop the onrush, but in vain. Milan scored another touchdown just

Milton Iverson, age 13 before the half ended.

The second half was a battle royal. Roosevelt threatened to score many times, but they didn't have that punch that would carry them to victory. Milan was outplayed the last half, but they had won the game in the first.



PHOTO BY MENZI

GRIDIRON HEROES

Top Row—The Brown Jug Parade, Roosevelt's Mentor.
 Second Row—Mellencamp, Stump, Stribley, LaChance, Woodward, Lyons.
 Bottom Row—Chief's Approval, The Year's Football Hopefuls.

Oct. 7, Weather clear.

As the Hilltoppers came on the field today they looked as if they were out after blood. After the scalping they got from the Milan Indians last week, I should think they would be.

Right after the kick-off Roosevelt started a rush for the Chelsea goal, and before the middle of the first quarter they had accomplished their mission. This didn't seem to satisfy the lads, so they took the privilege of getting another in the second quarter.

I don't know what was said during the half, but whatever it was, it sure pepped up the team.

The third quarter was a slaughter for Chelsea, for Roosevelt made two touchdowns before they knew that the game had started. Seeing that his team was ahead, Coach Walker made a few substitutions, relieving his hard-hitting forces.

With the scrubs in the last quarter, Roosevelt was held scoreless; likewise was Chelsea. The game ended 24-0.

Oct. 14, Weather—Rained yesterday.

Today Roosevelt takes to the road again—their destination—Dundee.

During the first period, neither team seemed to be able to get anywhere. Kicks were exchanged and a few passes were thrown.



In the fourth quarter the Rooseveltians cut loose with a passing attack that really started something. With line bucks and two completed passes the ball was brought to Dundee's 13-yard stripe. Thirteen was unlucky for Dundee, because, from there Lyons threw a pass to Stump with only 50 seconds to play. As soon as the ball got in the air, everybody held his breath. The ball went sailing into the promised land, and Stump was waiting with outstretched arms for the ball from paradise to fall. It did. Roosevelt won by the skin of the teeth, 7 to 0.

Oct. 21, Weather cold. Clear sky.

Today the Hilltoppers encounter the lads from Clinton. Right off the bat Roosevelt started a drive from their own 40-yard line, and the result was a touchdown. Seeing that Clinton was weak in the

line, the heavyweights in the Roosevelt back field kept constantly smashing the tottering forward wall of Clinton.

Early in the second quarter another touchdown was made after the Roosevelt team had swept Clinton off their feet by line bucks and end runs. Later in the same quarter Roosevelt scored another goal, after they had marched more than half way the length of the field.

At the beginning of the second half Coach Walker placed a new team on the field. Even this didn't stop the victorious Hilltoppers. Late in the third quarter Johnson scored his third touchdown. The tussle ended with no further scoring, the total being 33-0.

Nov. 4, Weather warm.

Taking the road for the last time this season, the lads from the Hilltop journeyed to Belleville for their last Huron League game.

Right from the first kick-off, Roosevelt outplayed their opponents. Belleville fumbled and Roosevelt recovered. A few quick plays, and the Hilltoppers had a touchdown. In the middle of the same quarter the Roosevelt warriors started another drive from the middle of the field for their second touchdown. The last touchdown came when a pass was thrown to Stribley, who juggled the ball with his hands as he ran for a touchdown. I guess he was giving the spectators a thrill.

The scrubs played the last half, for Walker wanted to save his regulars for the game with Ypsi High next week. The final score of the Belleville game was 19-0.

Nov. 11, Weather plenty cold.

Today both Roosevelt and Ypsilanti High cooperated with the American Legion in producing the biggest parade that has ever been launched in the city of Ypsilanti.

Roosevelt played a leading part in the performance by displaying a well organized and colorful group of followers for the team.

Under the direction of the Student Council each class chose some scheme by which it would put color in the parade. So with canes and hats worn by the



Seniors; a mammoth jug carried by the Juniors; hair ribbons and ties adorning the Sophomores; the Freshmen carrying little jugs; Eighth Graders wearing scarfs; and last but not least Seventh Graders, carrying placards with different slogans written upon them, this group marched down the street with thrills and heart throbs and red-blooded courage pounding through their veins.

Upon arriving at the field, the knights and their fair ladies clustered about the stadium in their respective groups to watch their brave warriors from Roosevelt battle their life-long enemies from Ypsi High on the field of combat.

When the teams came on the field, both schools proved their loyalty by giving them an uproarious yell that resounded back into days gone by.

Even though the boys from down the hill outweighed every man on the team from the top of the hill by ten pounds, the Hilltoppers put up a grave battle in trying to stop the City High lads. Outside of the three bad breaks that were chalked up against Roosevelt, and of which two resulted in touchdowns, Roosevelt played on even terms with their opponents.

FEATURES

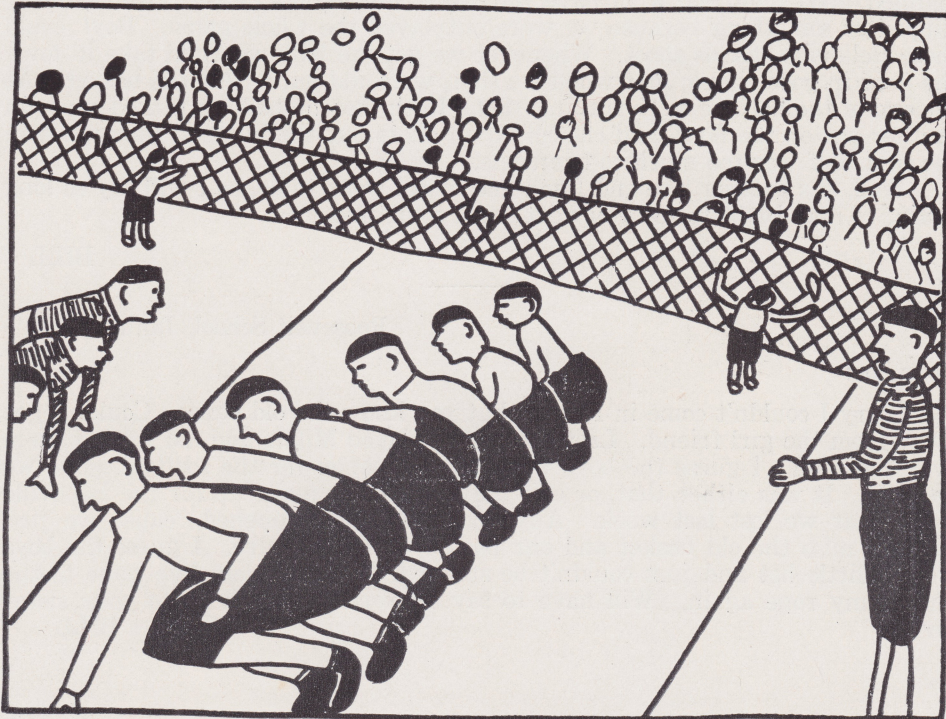
The first touchdown came early in the initial quarter when the first of the two bad breaks occurred. After attempting to kick out of danger, the forward of Ypsi High came rushing down on the kicker and a bad kick was the result. The ball went out on the Roosevelt 20-yard marker. After a couple of plays had netted all but one yard, somebody from the other side shot through the line for a City High touchdown.

In the second quarter the Central lads again started a rush for the Roosevelt goal line, but the warriors from Roosevelt held on their own 14-yard line. On the first play Lyons dropped back to kick. Before the ball reached his foot, the Central team was upon him and they blocked and recovered the ball on the Roosevelt 5-yard line.



Three times the Munies punched at the line, and three times the Hill Top line held. But on the last down something went wrong. Perdue, a City High back, broke through for the second and last score.

The second half was different. Coach Walker put some pep in the team, and as a result they went out on the field to win or to lose battling. They certainly did fight because Central didn't score and Roosevelt made many a threat, although a fumble or a blocked kick stopped them from scoring.



Paul Blasey, age 13

A SHEAF OF LETTERS

By William Lyons, Athletic Editor

Roosevelt School, December 9, 1933

Hello Joe:

Say, did our basketball team start off with a bang! We nearly beat our "old pals," the alumni. Since it was the first game of the season, the lads were not expected to give much trouble to the grads; instead, they gave them the scare of their life. After we had trailed all the first half, we staged a desperate comeback in the third quarter and were leading 27 to 32. The crowd certainly got their money's worth in that quarter. You don't know them, but Johnson and Heimerdinger started to do their stuff, and they won the game in the last 30 seconds of play.

You had better come to see me next week-end. We are going to play a new team in the League; it ought to be good. Well, I will be seeing you.

So long,

BILL

Roosevelt School, December 19

Dear Joe:

Are you the pal. What happened to you last week? I had a swell time all planned, good show and what have you. Well, maybe it's better. We certainly slipped or something because we were outplayed the whole game. Boy! could those Belleville rascals shoot. Whenever we got the ball, we could take it down the floor in good shape; but when we shot, we could hardly hit the basket. At the end of the half we were trailing 18-9. In the second half we picked our men further out on the floor, and checked their shots but the big lead they made in the first half was too much to overcome.

Well, it's getting late and I've some school work to do, so I will say so long again. I may be in to see you next week sometime.

BILL

Roosevelt School, January 8

Dear Joe:

Sorry I couldn't come in Friday, but you know the old story. Couldn't get away from the girl friend. Last Friday we played Milan, and did we put them over the road. I guess the boys were after revenge for the football game we had lost. It was either that, or else they wanted to make up for the Belleville game that we lost last week. Anyway something happened, 'cause we just couldn't miss the old basket and our passes were dead-sure. I guess the boys were a little hot and just couldn't be stopped. Well, I guess I've come to the end of my rope again. Will have to say *au revoir*. Say hello to your sister for me.

BILL

FEATURES

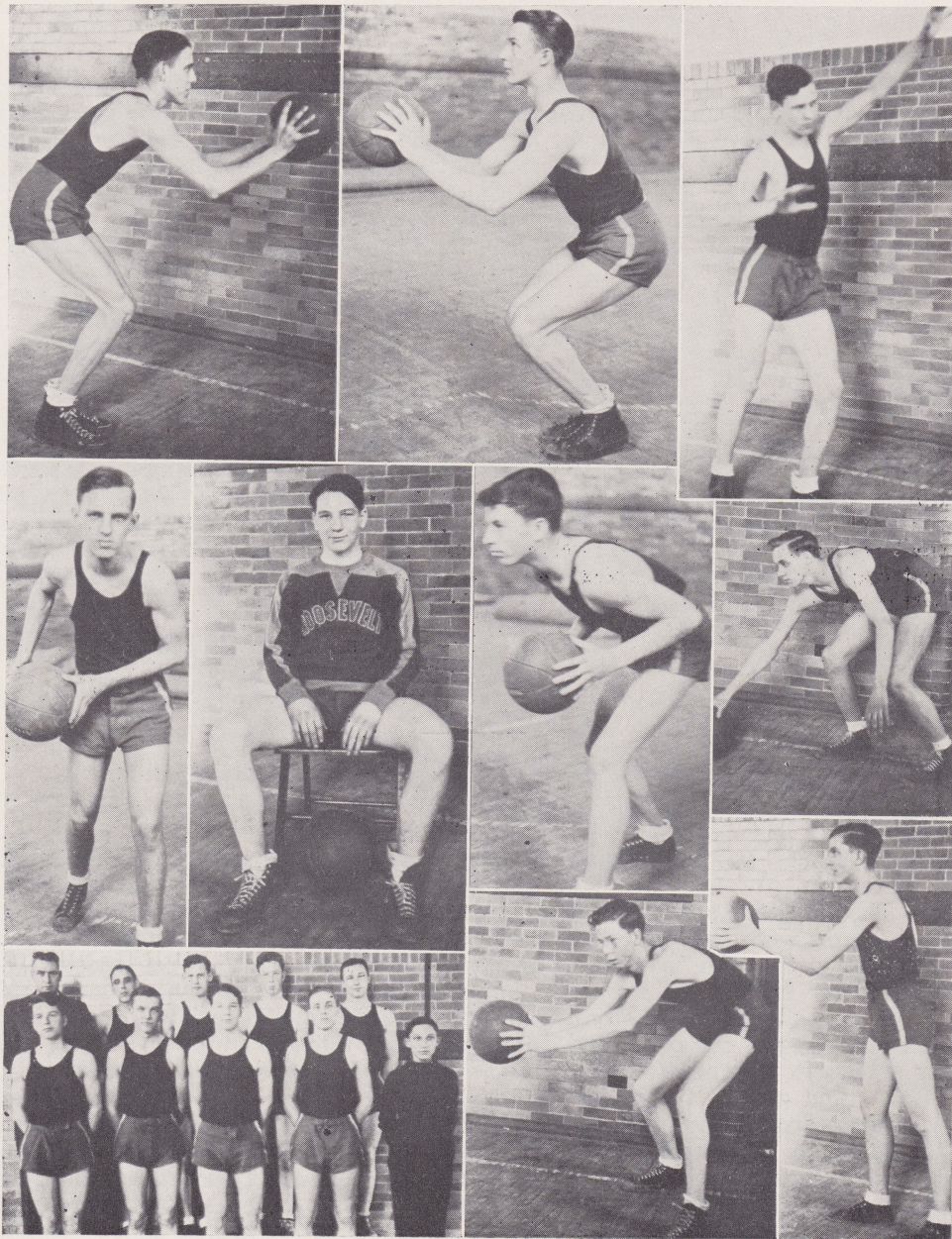


PHOTO BY MENZJ

ROOSEVELT CAGERS

Top Row—Leige Strib'ey, Paul Johnson, Roland Moore.

Second Row—Charles Neir, Eugene Burreil, Robert Bailey, Glen Spencer.

Bottom Row—Varsity Squad Manager, and Coach, Edward Knapp, Robert Bush.

THE HILLCREST

Roosevelt School, January 14

Hello Joe:

Well, here I am again to give you the low down on the game we had with Lincoln Friday. The Lincoln team has a fellow playing for them who is six feet four inches. We were all set for him, and he didn't show up. He was always their high point man, and so of course they had a good excuse for being beaten. In a way I wish they had had their "whataman" Jones, 'cause it didn't seem fair to beat a team when it was handicapped. I don't know what's wrong with me lately. I'm losing my vocabulary. Anyhow I'm wordless.

BILL

Roosevelt School, January 21

Dear Joe:

I imagine you are getting ready for your semester exams. I know I am, and are they going to be stiff? Say, did Stribley get hot last Friday? You know who he is, don't you; he's that flashy guard that has such a dead eye for the basket. Well, he was surely going, for he made thirteen points. We just swept the Dundee team off their feet. I guess the start we got was encouraging to the boys because they scored twelve points in the first quarter. After that they just couldn't be stopped. Next week we play City High, our rival. You had better come out and see it.

Hoping to see you soon,

BILL

Roosevelt School, January 28

Dear Joe:

Bill is sick, and he told me to give you my view of the game with City High so here goes.

Though not so successful, it was by far the most thrilling game of the year. Both teams were nervous. As a result the play was ragged at times, but this only served to make the game closer and more interesting. Ypsi started the scoring and led for quite a while, but a basket by "Bum" Johnson gave us a one-point lead. This was soon increased to three points. However, in the last half Mr. Foy put our old friend, Johnny Squires, into the game, and Ypsi High came back in a desperate rally to tie up the score at nine all. I said to myself, "Good night game," and a few minutes later my prediction seemed to be about to become true. An Ypsi player, I think it was "Rosy" Baker, dribbled down the side lines and made a basket. Luckily the referee had detected the foul before he shot, and the basket did not count, though Mr. Baker now had a foul shot. But he missed, and a few minutes later the game ended with the score still a tie. I was never so glad to see a game end in my life.

Your pal,

JACK HILTON

FEATURES

Roosevelt School, February 6

Hello Joe:

My boy, I've some bad news to give you about our game with Saline last week. The tables were turned on us, and we chalked up the third loss of the season. It seems we always start off with a bang and end up a fizzle. We had a good lead at the half, but we slumped in the second. The Saline lads stepped up in the second half. They started firing the old pill at the basket, and it seemed as if they couldn't miss. Walker put in the recruits, but they couldn't stop them. So that was that. Signing off.

BILL

Roosevelt School, February 10

Dear Joe:

Our lads gave the crowd a thrill at our game yesterday. With a final burst of speed and excellent shooting the boys pulled out in the last few minutes to win from our Ann Arbor rivals. It was the same old story in football. We never started anything until we began to lose; then we would let loose with plenty of action. U. High had a tough break early in the game by losing their star, but even if they had him I think we could beat them. Well, pal, I guess I had better stop the master mind from working and get some shut-eye. You know the old saying, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." I have reached first base by being healthy, but I still have a long way to go to get wealthy and wise.

BILL

Roosevelt School, February 17

Hello Joe:

Well, son, you are getting the dope on the basketball games for the last time. We played Clinton tonight and beat them 24-21. They kept up their last minute thrill reputation by staging a final spurt to win. We were leading at the end of the half by a mere two points. In the second half we outscored them by one point. Things began to look dark in the last seconds of play and they nearly scored—but they didn't. We are supposed to play Chelsea next Friday, but for some reason or another they can't play. That's pretty good because we will have two weeks to get ready for the Regional Tournament. I've got something to show you, so try to come out next week.

BILL



Virginia Hickerson, age 16

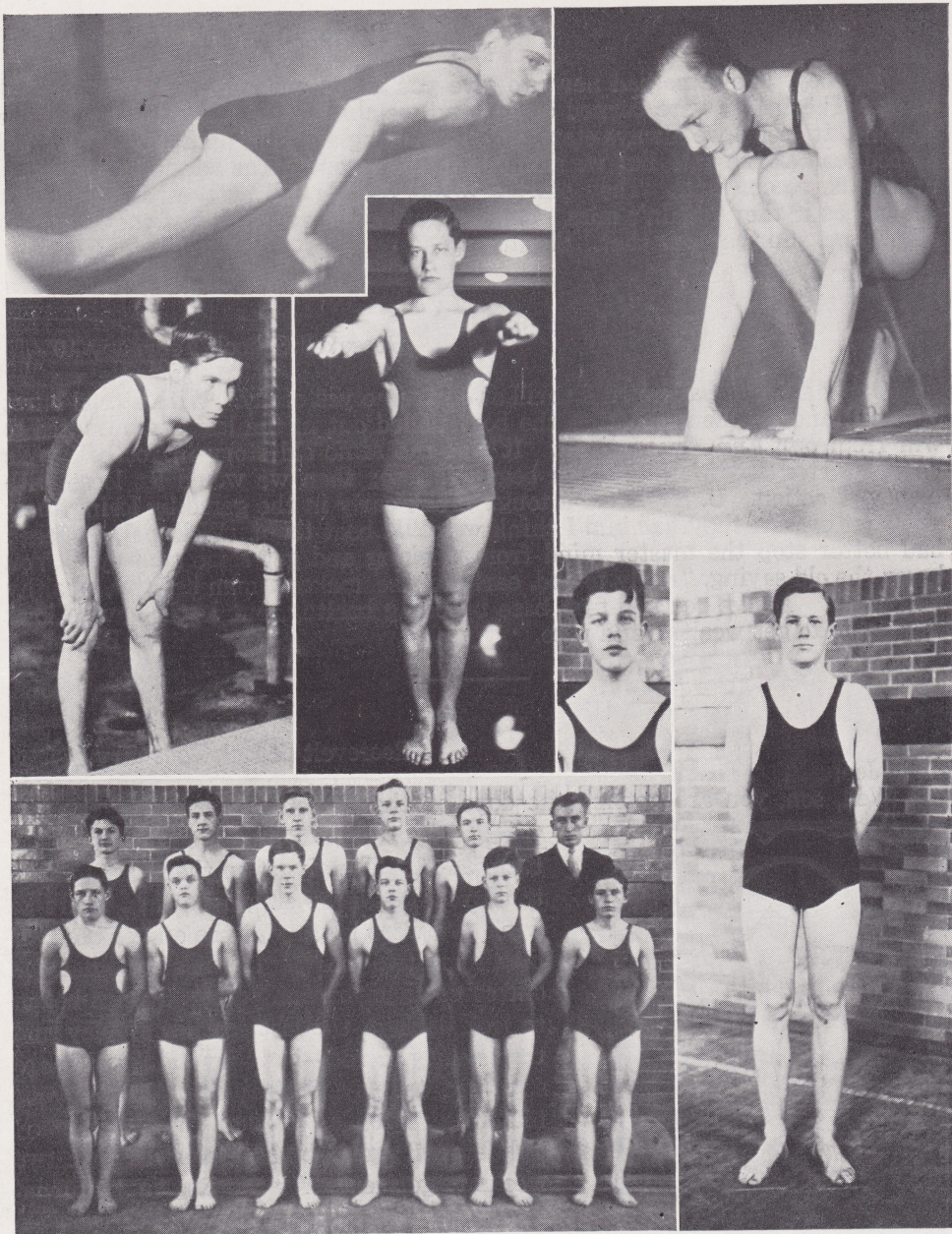


PHOTO BY MENZI

NATATORS' EXHIBIT

Top Row—Roger Heath, Robert Sauer
 Second Row—Lyman LaChance, Philip McLane, David Gauntlett
 Bottom Row—Swimming Team and Coach, Robert Meilencamp

SWIMMING

By William Lyons, Athletic Editor

My dear readers of this book, come with me. I will take you to the Roosevelt aquarium where we will find Roosevelt High's school of fish practicing for their first dual meet.

The first fish that catches your eye is the flying fish, McLane. We see him springing from an overhanging coral rock. On our left we can see Blue Gill LaChance and Pickerel Sauer finning their way through the sponge growth. It looks as though LaChance is leading by a ripple.

On our right we find Shad Burke, Halibut Heath, Salmon Darling, Trout Steimle and Tuna Gauntlett staging a little speed exhibition. Right below us is Swordfish Mellencamp swimming about looking for someone to duel with.

At the other end of the aquarium we glimpse a group of minnows, Webb, Carson, Matzen and Chadwick, dodging in and out of the seaweed.

Seated on a piece of coral rock we notice the King Fish, Coach Zeck. He seems pleased with the fish that he has in his fraternity, for there is a wide grin on his face.

ANN ARBOR MEET

Well, here we are, boys and girls (and parents if you are listening), at the Roosevelt aquarium where we will witness the first attempt of Roosevelt's little fishies, who will do their best for their old Alma Mater. At the farther end of the glass enclosed pool I can see the Ann Arbor lads entering the pool. I wonder what's keeping the Roosevelt lads. Wait, who's that sticking his head around the corner—oh yes, Shad Burke, I might have known it. Here they come. Just listen to the crowd roar. Everybody seems to be here, I'll look over the entries to make sure. Here comes Mellencamp, as usual the last one. The boys are plunging here and there in the water, warming up, and getting in shape for their events. It must be time to start because to my left I can see Coach Shaeffer of City High, the head official and starter, emerging from the shower room. There's the announcer calling the first event. Swimming for Roosevelt in the relay we have LaChance, Sauer, Steimle and Gauntlett, and for Ann Arbor we have Gearhart, Chomicz, Gillespie and Marriman. LaChance and Gearhart step up to the edge of the pool ready for the starter's gun. There it is. They are off! LaChance got the jump on Gearhart at the start but at the turn they are even. Coming down the last stretch, Gearhart fins his way to a foot lead. Sauer quickly makes up the foot loss, and swims evenly the rest of his race. Gillespie gets a better dive than Steimle, and of course finishes slightly ahead. There goes Marriman, anchor man for Ann Arbor, and right after him Tuna Gauntlett springs. Gauntlett is putting up a fine exhibition of speed, but it looks as though Marriman is going to win. Yes, he touches a scant foot ahead of Gauntlett. Pardon me a moment, folks, while I wipe the perspiration from my face. If Roosevelt puts this kind of fight in the rest of the events, I think Ann Arbor will have a tough time in taking them. Though it be ever so hot, the meet must go on. Now that the scorer has recorded the points and times, I think we should have the next event. It's the breast-stroke, and I think Mellencamp is swimming for Roosevelt, yes, and Carson is also swimming. At the starter's signal they plunge into the H₂O. Everything becomes calm. Way down at the other end of the aquarium I can see someone breaking the

water—Mellencamp, I think. Yes, and next to emerge is Carson. I wonder if the Ann Arbor boy knows that he is supposed to come up. Ah, there he is, and he is two feet behind Carson.

While they are doing the remaining four laps I might tell you people that have just tuned in that Ann Arbor is leading 8-4. Well, boys and girls, here they come down the home stretch. Mellencamp is leading by a good margin, assuring Roosevelt a first place. Carson and Tasch are putting on a little race, and the crowd is getting quite a kick out of it. Mellencamp has just finished, now Carson, and third, Tasch. Oh dear, now we are going to see some fast going. Tuna Gauntlett is going to give a speedy exhibition in swimming the 40 yard free-style. Gearhart and Marriman are going to do some finning for Ann Arbor. They are at the edge of the pool ready for the signal. There they go. All three hit the water at the same time. They are about the same; there's the turn. It looks as though Gearhart is pulling away from Gauntlett. Yes, but it's not very much, maybe he can make it up—no, he seems to be tiring. Gearhart had just touched the finish and Gauntlett's right behind him. Marriman placed third. The score now stands 15-15. My, but it seems as though it is getting warmer all the time.

Heath and Darling have just dived; now they are climbing out and getting ready for the start. In just a moment I'll tell who is swimming for Ann Arbor. Let's see, Tasch, yes. He's the boy who swam the breast stroke. The starter is raising his hand, and there's the whistle. The three boys plunged, and with long strokes they are starting their grind of eleven lengths. While they are swimming I will turn you over to your station announcer.

This is Station CKLW. We will now turn you back to our announcer at the Roosevelt pool.

Well, here we are again and the boys are just finishing their tenth lap. Tasch is leading, Heath is second, and Darling third. Tasch has just made his last turn and is doing a sprint finish. He has just touched, giving Ann Arbor a lead again. Heath has now finished and Darling has made his last turn. The boys certainly do look tired. They are pulling themselves out of the water. Now we are going to witness a backstroke dual between Sauer and Burke, both of Roosevelt. From the information I have obtained it seems that Wood, the Ann Arbor man, isn't so hot. The boys are in the water now, and there they go. While they continue their race I will tell you of the Honorables that we have in the crowd. On my left I see Coach Walker in his white sailor attire. It must be that he has been up in the gym.

Sauer and Burke have pulled away from Wood and are leading by three feet.

Near Coach Walker I can see Professor Menzi talking to a group of girls. They are all laughing. It must be that he is telling them a joke. Sauer has made his last turn and is coming down the home stretch. Burke is closely following, and Wood has just made his turn. This is a see-saw meet. First they win and then we win. Sauer pulled up first, then Burke, then Wood. The score now stands 21-27.

It looks to me as though Sauer has improved since last year. Now we are about to witness the gruelling 100 yard free-style race. Swimming for Roosevelt we have Gauntlett, for Ann Arbor, Gearhart and Chomicz. There they go! All three are swimming together. Gauntlett is holding his place in fine shape.

FEATURES

Chomicz made a bad turn, leaving him a foot behind. Gearhart seems to be pulling away from Gauntlett slightly, but not enough to be worried about. Gauntlett made an excellent turn and picked up a little on Gearhart. Chomicz is still following Gauntlett by a foot, and Gauntlett is gaining rapidly on Gearhart. They are even now.

Watch your step, girlie, someone nearly fell in the pool over to my right. The boys are coming down the home stretch now. Gearhart is leading by two feet, Gauntlett next, and Chomicz third. They have finished. I will turn you back to the main studio for station identification.

This is Station CKLW broadcasting the meet between Roosevelt and Ann Arbor High Schools.

I'm sorry for the delay, but something went wrong here at the pool and we were unable to describe the diving. I will give you a brief resumé. McLane gave a beautiful exhibition. His form was good. The points on his dives ranged from not lower than five to eight. Pretty fair for a high school boy. Pagen of Ann Arbor was second, and Dennie, also of Ann Arbor, was third. The last event is the medley relay. Swimming for Roosevelt we have Sauer, Mellencamp and Steimle. I haven't the Ann Arbor entries as yet. Sauer has just come from the showers and jumped in the pool. The Ann Arbor man followed him. At the starter's signal they push off. Sauer is swimming easily and at the turn he gains a little. Coming down the home stretch he leads by two feet. Mellencamp gets a nice dive and swims under waters three-quarters of the pool. He makes a good turn and gains a foot. As he touches the finish line Steimle plunges in for the final two laps. He is going along in fine shape, keeping his lead. At the turn he picks up a little and he is finishing first. The announcer is giving the crowd the final score. I'll see if I can get it. Yes, he says the score is 39-36. It's a good thing for Roosevelt that they won that race, for if they hadn't they would have lost the meet. Well, I guess that's all that I can give you now, so I will say au revoir until next time. Wait just a moment, friends, I have just received a bulletin from the main studio stating that it will be impossible to broadcast any further meets from this pool, but if you are interested in the Roosevelt swimmers, you can follow them in my sports column of your daily paper.

Schedule

	Roosevelt	Opponents
January 10, Alumni-----	33	41
January 16, Ann Arbor-----	39	36
January 20, University High-----	35	40
January 31, Fordson-----	29	43
February 10, University High-----	29	46
February 17, Monroe-----	31	44
March 1, River Rouge-----	24	51

*March 11, State Meet

*McLane won diving; Relay team placed fourth; Team placed fourth.

TRACK

Under a new pilot, Kenneth "Red" Simmons, Michigan Normal hurdle star, the Roosevelt thinclads opened their 1933 season by encountering the powerful Class A Ann Arbor High School. Due to the lack of good weather and practice, the Roosevelt lads were beaten by the score of 71-32. Gauntlett won the 220 low hurdles, a second in the 220 yard dash, and a third in the 100 yard dash. Lyons won the 120 yard high hurdles, pole vault, and broad jump. He also placed second in the high jump.

Engaging in their second dual meet of the season, Roosevelt suffered a second set-back by a one-point defeat. Roosevelt had the meet won until the final event. Having no pole vaulters, the Northville coach conceded Roosevelt eight points in the event. Discovering that he was going to lose, he decided to have the event. Lyons of Roosevelt received a first, but Carson, the other Rooseveltian entered, was unable to tie with the visiting lad who placed second. The most exciting event was the 440 yard run in which the Hilltoppers won all three places.

Schedule

April 21—Ann Arbor
April 28—Northville
May 6—Dundee

May 11—Lincoln
May 20—Regional
May 26—Huron League Meet

May 27—State Meet

BASEBALL

Despite a little difficulty in finding nine men to make a baseball team, Coach Walker opened the 1933 season. Even though he had five vacancies to fill, Walker predicted that it would be successful.

The boys opened the campaign by handing Clinton a 13-8 defeat, although the boys on both teams played a very loose type of ball. Roosevelt led the entire game, but was pressed at one time by the score of 8-9. The three regulars, Stump, Neir, and McLane, looked fairly well; Johnson and Richards gave a good account of themselves. The biggest difficulties that appeared to confront Coach Walker were fielding and batting.

Suffering a let down in the seventh inning, Roosevelt nearly met defeat in its third encounter. The Hilltoppers played effectively until Belleville put on a rally to tie the score at 3 all, thus forcing the game to go two extra innings. An excellent exhibition of fielding then proved to be the winning factor. While the Hilltoppers held the Belleville lads to no runs, they collected two to win the game. Misfortune was the fate of Bob Bailey. Pinch hitting in the ninth he received a broken leg.

Schedule

April 13—Clinton
April 21—Dundee
April 28—Belleville
May 9—Saline

May 12—Lincoln
May 19—Milan
June 2—Ann Arbor
June 9—Ann Arbor

FEATURES



PHOTO BY MENZI

SPRING SPORTS

Top Row—Mitchell, Heath, McLane, Darling, Burrell, Neir.
 Second Row—Track Team, Carson, Lyons.
 Third Row—Heath, Gauntlett, Stump, Baseball Aspirants.
 Fourth Row—The Year's Netters, Stribley, Richards.

TENNIS

Under the eye of Coach Menzi, the Roosevelt netters began the 1933 and continued the 1933 practice in the gym: unfortunately the weather was so wet that the team was unable to take advantage of their three new courts.

Handicapped by the lack of practice on real courts, they journeyed to Ann Arbor to encounter their first foe of the year. The powerful Class A school made a clean sweep of things by beating the Roosevelt lads 7-0. Both teams were off form, consequently the meet was very dull.

Initiating their new courts, Roosevelt lost a dual meet with a strong Class A school, Monroe. The boys had worked all of the week before preparing the courts for the match. Probably that is an acceptable explanation for their defeat. Mellencamp, Roosevelt's first man, was beaten by Kelly. Weinlander, the Hilltop second man, was trounced by Rau. Stevens was taken 6-0, 6-0. Breise of Monroe conquered Daggett. In the doubles, Sauer and Lodge were defeated by Sallon and Wathke. In the final match Mellencamp and Weinlander won the first set but they let down and were beaten 6-4, 6-4.

Schedule

April 21—Ann Arbor

April 26—Lincoln

May 9—Ann Arbor

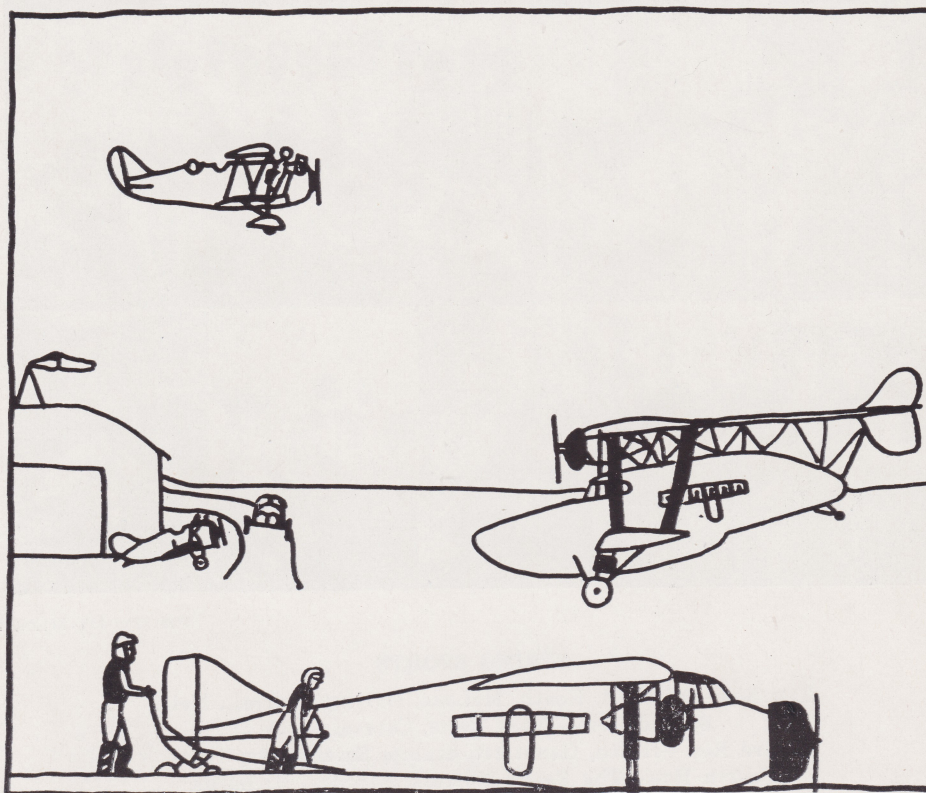
May 11—Monroe

May 20—Huron League Tournament

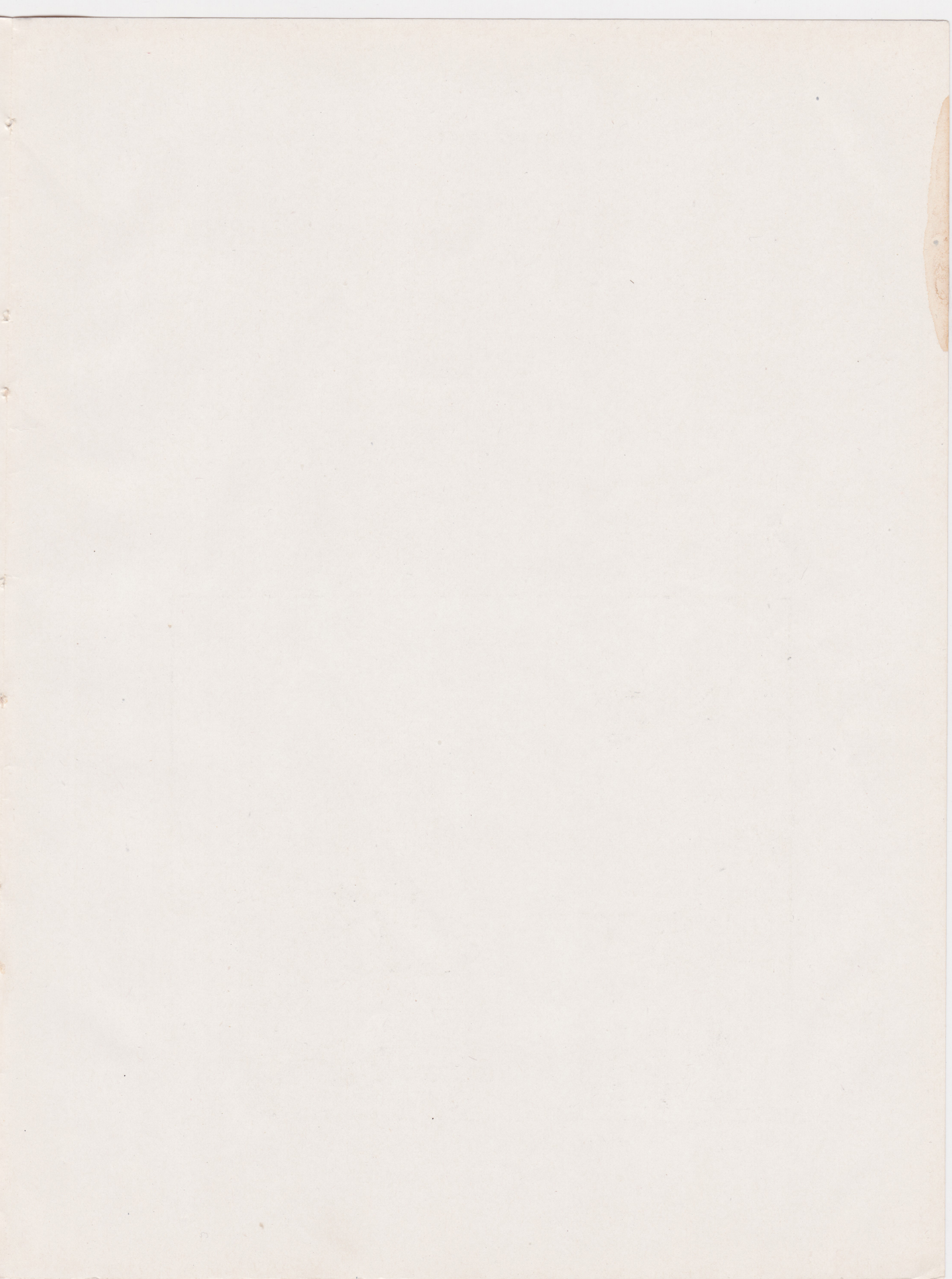
May 27—Regional

May 31—Lincoln

June 2-3—State Meet



Alex Pentland



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